

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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“Some Unsuspected Isle in Far-off Seas . . .”

War strategy is planned in Whitehall by the New Chief and Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir Alan Brooke succeeded General Sir John Dill as Chief of the Imperial General Staff in November. Previously he was Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces. He is fifty-eight, and is regarded as one of the greatest artillery experts in the world. It was he who invented the barrage map used by our artillery with such devastating results to the enemy, and it is due to his passionate pleading that the R.A.F. and the Army are now working together under an Army Co-operation Command to such excellent effect. Major-General Archibald Nye, at forty-five, is probably the youngest Vice-Chief the British Army has ever had. He fought in France and Belgium continuously throughout the last war, and was decorated with the Military Cross. He is regarded as a brilliant strategist, and has held staff appointments at the War Office and at Staff College





# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## Statesmanship

**T**wo episodes of high-speed statesmanship, among other notable achievements, will assuredly have their place in all records of Mr. Winston Churchill's war premiership.

The first will be the sure swiftness with which he led Britain wholeheartedly to the side of Soviet Russia when Hitler struck at her. This was unerring statesmanship, as popular opinion has confirmed in the course of Russia's bad and good times.

The second episode will be the alacrity with which he risked all the dangers of the Atlantic to be at President Roosevelt's side as quickly as possible after Japan had set the Pacific ablaze. This may prove an even greater act of statesmanship, for he seized hold of necessity and cemented a long divided blood relationship which time has now the opportunity to hallow with all the true instincts of brotherhood.

There was a third, an earlier Churchillian gesture, which unhappily failed. This was when he offered France as she tottered on the verge of collapse an equal partnership in the British Empire. It was a big thing for a Prime Minister to do. At the time I felt that it was a stroke of imaginative genius. I still do. It was such a magnificent, confident gesture. We now know that the French generals didn't think so. They believed that Britain would soon be on her knees as well. They couldn't see as far as Churchill.

Time alone will tell how great was the opportunity the people of France missed, I believe unwillingly, in those days of disillusionment, despair, and decadent leadership.

## France's Future

**H**AVING written the foregoing paragraph I am reminded of a recent conversation between two statesmen of different countries, one hard-headed, far-seeing and practical, the other well-versed in all the problems of Europe. The first asked: "What's France going to be like after the war?" The other paused—he was nonplussed, embarrassed—and all he could say with sorrow was: "I don't know. Do you?" And that represents the actual position in my opinion. Hers is the sorriest plight in all Europe, for she has suffered something more than enemy occupation.

## Royal Visit

**K**ING GEORGE of the Hellenes is to visit the United States at the invitation of President Roosevelt. Of several high-born heroes of this war King George is one. He well knew the impossible odds facing him and his country when they accepted the challenge of the Axis. But this did not deter him. He faced many personal risks, for he experienced war at first-hand. Now he regards himself as being on active service because his country is in enemy occupation. He lives quietly, and follows a strict personal discipline.

In the United States he has asked the President that he should be spared all purely social engagements. The purpose of his visit is to make his first acquaintance with the people of America and their President.

## Premier's Problem

**M**R. CHURCHILL's visit to the United States has been a great success—too much so for the few politicians who are his constant

detractors. Those who have seen him say that the rigours of the journey and the arduous hours he filled have not left any sign of strain. He's as jaunty and as confident as ever.

I wonder what he's going to do with all the presents he received while in Washington. Hats, onions, underwear, cigars by the hundred, pipes, towels, baked beans, sausages and soap. One who saw the stack growing in the British Embassy tells me that he's never seen such a collection. In Downing Street Mr. Churchill has always observed a rigid rule that such gifts should be returned to the senders with grateful thanks. But this is an international problem of some delicacy!

## Washington Results

**B**y the time many of you are reading these notes Mr. Churchill will have given the House of Commons a full account of his stewardship. We shall know more about the unified war machinery, and above all who is going to be the supreme commander in the European zone of the world war. Also what form the co-ordinating body which is to direct strategy and control manpower and supplies will take.

We may also know what Lord Beaverbrook's future position is going to be, and what is going to happen to Lord Halifax. I

am assured that Government changes are on the way which may involve one or both the ministers I have mentioned, as well as other members of the Government.

## Imperial Problems

**E**VENTS in Malaya are going to lead to many awkward questions in the House of Commons, both by those anxiously concerned about organisation of defence there and by those who wish to make political trouble. There'll have to be some plain speaking, and I believe the Government have a good case if they choose to make it.

Not all our resources in manpower and munitions could successfully defend every tiny part of our vast Empire against sudden attack. This inherent weakness has been plain to all thinking people, not excluding the Germans and the Japanese.

So we come to the question of strategy. This is said to have been at fault. But when you have met a determined threat at one end of a sprawling line you cannot always catch up with an inherent weakness at the other end. That is why the Japanese have struck. They caught us out when we were sending supplies not only to Egypt but also to Russia. But these facts apart, we never created the British Empire by concentration of strong forces at any given point.

The Empire has grown from the very foundations of British character. British characteristics have helped it to weather all storms as it is weathering this. This is something so indefinable that the hard-headed, envious Germans—and now the Japanese—have never been able to understand it. And this is why they are making a second attempt in the span of a generation to smash the thin bonds that firmly bind the British Empire together.



Vice-Admiral Ghormley Sees a "Bundles For Britain" Exhibition

Vice-Admiral Ghormley, the American Special Naval Observer in London, visited the "Bundles for Britain" Exhibition at Harrods, and Lady Beatty, Earl Beatty's American wife, who is deputy chairman of the organisation, showed him round. "Bundles for Britain" was founded in New York by Mrs. Wales Latham in January, 1940, and today has a membership of over a million, and 1,165 branches on the American Continent. A large picture of President Roosevelt hangs at the exhibition opposite one of Mr. Churchill





### *Cicely Courtneidge's Autograph Raises £2,000*

*Cicely Courtneidge has provided the money to build two huts for A.A. troops. By charging small sums for her autograph, and by appeals from the stage, she raised £2,000 in three months. She is seen outside the huts with some of the A.A. troops and their divisional commander, who thanked her for her magnificent effort*

### *Closer Co-ordination*

THE Prime Minister has accepted the principle of closer co-ordination between the Governments of the Empire. An Empire War Advisory Committee is to be established in London. This is an answer to those who have been demanding the presence in the War Cabinet of Dominion ministers.

Since the passage of the Statute of Westminster, there have been constitutional obstructions to Dominion ministers being members of a British War Cabinet answerable to the House of Commons. So, at last, a compromise has been found. Mr. Churchill has been working on the details of the organisation of this body while in Washington.

Each Dominion will be invited to nominate representatives, and the body may be something like an extension of the Committee of Imperial Defence, which was merged on the assumption of the premiership by Mr. Churchill into a Ministry of Defence, with himself as the head. The Dominion representatives will sit with Mr. Churchill and discuss Imperial strategy as a whole. Their decisions will then be submitted to the War Cabinet—and probably to the respective Dominion Governments as well—for confirmation.

### *Air-borne Invasion*

THERE'S a lot of talk in high places about the possibility of Hitler staking everything on a dare-all terrorist invasion of this country. Not all the experts are agreed that he will risk it; but all are prepared if it should happen with the approach of the spring.

Whatever Hitler should try in this direction—and the general assumption is that he will concentrate on air-borne landings—he'll have to face our undoubted air superiority. Also the resistance of the largest force of seasoned troops ever congregated in these islands. But the question to be answered only by the attempt is the effectiveness of glider-borne troops. Can Hitler land sufficient troops when the moon is high and the wind is favourable for anything more than nuisance raids? I doubt it myself.

### *Aerodrome Defence*

THE renewed threat of invasion gives point to the arrangements being made for the creation of the R.A.F. Regiment for the defence

of aerodromes. Major-General C. F. Liardet has been made Director-General of Ground Defences, and Commandant of the new regiment. But this new development cannot absolve the War Office of their responsibility.

An aerodrome is not necessarily defended from its administrative offices and the hangars. The most effective defence might come from nearby hills. In any case, where aerodromes have been seized in this war it has always been because there have not been sufficient heavy armoured land forces and mechanised troops to rout the comparatively lightly armed invaders.

### *Hitler's Dilemma*

IF my information is correct, there is a strong argument against Hitler attempting to invade this country at this stage, for that would certainly mean war for him on two fronts.

If Hitler suddenly decides to stake all on an attack on this country, what are the Russians going to do? Are they going to rest their arms to see what happens? In the present temper of the Russian people I cannot see M. Stalin doing anything like that. He'll use every opportunity to harass Hitler, and what better chance could he have if the Germans launched an attack on us.

Therefore, I am more than ever inclined to accept the view that Hitler is so bitten by his reverses in Russia that he's determined to resume his campaign on the Eastern Front in the spring. He cannot tolerate the idea that Russian soldiers are superior to Germans. Not only that; he really believes in his anti-Communist crusade!

### *Russian Resources*

ONE who has seen the Russian soldiers in battle tells me that as soldiers they are improving all the time. Now they enjoy the impetus of advancing achievements as the Germans withdraw. What if Hitler should suddenly decide that he cannot win the war, but must, in the interests of Germany, concentrate on winning the peace? Might he not then withdraw from all the countries he has occupied, leaving the Allies to restore that which he has destroyed and feed the people, while he makes Germany into an impregnable fortress?

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### *The Duke of Kent Visits Mr. Tom Johnston*

*During his recent visit to Edinburgh the Duke of Kent called on Mr. Tom Johnston, M.P., at St. Andrew's House. Above: the Duke watches his host receive the Earl of Rosebery on the steps. Lord Rosebery succeeded Mr. Johnston as Regional Commissioner for Scottish Civil Defence in February last year, when the former became Secretary of State for Scotland*

I put this view forward because it is conceivable that the Germans may get tired of fighting for territory which yields them nothing but death and poverty, whereas they would fight to the very last to keep German soil sacred, and this is where Hitler might reckon he could retain his title to national hero-worship and get peace from a war-weary Europe.



### *Mme. de Gaulle Opens a Ward for Free French Nurses*

*Mme. de Gaulle, the wife of the Free French leader, opened a ward, to be given over to French nurses, at an eye hospital in the country, and was presented with a bouquet by one of the nurses. With her was General Legentilhomme, the French National Commissioner for War, who was wounded in the arm last June, while in command of the Free French troops in Syria*





Frances Farmer and John Barrymore  
in "World Premiere"

## THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER

NO. 2117, JANUARY 21, 1942.

In "World Premiere" at the Carlton, directed by Ted Tetzlaff, Frances Farmer and John Barrymore are given the opportunity to guy themselves as film stars. It is a crazy film with foreign spies getting mixed up in Hollywood publicity stunts. Funniest lines come from Fritz Feld, the super-spy, who succeeds in being really funny here and there

"The Little Foxes," directed by William Wyler, is at the Gaumont, Haymarket. Bette Davis gives her usual polished performance as the scheming wife of a sick banker, played by Herbert Marshall. It is the story of a South American family, two brothers and a sister, who are willing to sacrifice everything for money. Charles Dingle plays the part of one of the shrewd and avaricious brothers



Bette Davis and Charles Dingle  
in "The Little Foxes"

# Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Three Films

*The Big Blockade* (London Pavilion) is an ambitious and highly successful attempt to film Britain's Fourth Arm. It has been produced by Ealing Studios with the full co-operation and advice of the Ministry of Economic Warfare with the help of the Navy, the War Office and the Royal Air Force. I hope it is not curmudgeonly to submit that it is just the two things on which Ealing studios probably pride themselves most—the blending of the documentary with the fictional, and the engagement of some of this country's most gifted actors—which prevent this film from ranking with, for example, *Target for Tonight*. I am sorry, but I do not see how the most skilful director can blend two mutually instructive media. If *The Big Blockade* is to be considered as fiction then I suggest that it stands in need of a better story. If, on the other hand, it is to be considered as pure documentary then I think that the celebrity of the actors does the picture a disservice. And disservice in a peculiarly exasperating manner. Meaning that the better their performances the less convincing will the actors be.

For example, Mr. Alfred Drayton pretends to be a German, and the better he is the less I believe him. Whatever he may do he is stamped on my mind as the most brilliant actor of English farce this generation has seen, and I look round for his other half, Mr. Robertson Hare. When Mr. Robert Morley tells me that he is a minor German despot I say to myself, and very nearly out loud: "No, you're not, you are a major radio despot who Comes To Dinner at the Savoy every night at 6 p.m. How, again, can Mr. Michael Redgrave successfully pose as a Russian when I have just talked to him at a famous theatrical restaurant, and know that he is in the British Navy? And in this manner I go through the whole cast.

Since we have Mr. Will Hay, who acts admirably, why not have had Mr. George Formby, Junior? I have no doubt that Mr.

Formby would have played any part allotted to him to perfection, but am equally certain that I should have wondered throughout when the ukelele was going to be produced. It may be churlish of me, but I hold that this film would have been more realistic if it had been acted by people who had never in their lives faced foot or arc-lights! However, this is a purely personal opinion. And as nobody seems to have shared it, I immediately withdraw it. Eliminate this hyper-criticism and you get an extraordinarily effective film which, after all, appears with the approval and blessing of M.E.W. And who am I to miaow?

THE "literature" put into my hand at the trade show of *World Premiere* being headed "The Greatest 'Impropaganda' Picture That Ever Kicked the Panzers Off The Nazis," one at once realised that film critics were invited to take a holiday. If they laughed, let them say so. If not, then let them hold their peace. The picture is all about two Axis spies who for some reason best known to themselves want to destroy a film. They are mad. The producer of the film thinks that it will be good publicity to work hand-in-glove with the spies, for which purpose he hires a train to convey the entire cast to Washington. He is mad. The cast includes a caged tiger who is sane, and a monkey whose comments on the proceedings, both verbal and pantomimic, have a quality which is positively Voltairian. The scene between the spies and the tiger is extraordinarily funny, and there is one superbly witty passage which makes total war on German lack of humour.

John Barrymore enlivens this farrago with a piece of extravagantly ham acting like his own Hamlet on an off night. And there is a note in the programme which I reproduce in all its bloom of artless perfection:

"Frances Farmer, who appears opposite John Barrymore in *World Premiere*, has accomplished a double turn-about. Typed as a perfect

blonde, with a record for being one of Hollywood's most serious students of the drama, Miss Farmer has switched to being a brunette and a comedienne. The preview critics approved of both departures, something of a feat in the movie world. Certainly it takes a lot of courage to emerge as an absolutely different character and take a chance."

I note the preview critics' delight when this lady ceased to become a serious student of the drama. Their names are given, and to my horror I find that I have never heard of any of them!

*The Little Foxes* (Gaumont British) is very nearly a first-rate film. I say nearly, because the excellent story of a scheming South American family about 1900 is held up in the course of its two-hour progress by many irrelevant scenes, and by a courtship between a patrician girl and a plebeian boy which offers little interest and diverts the attention from the Balzacian quartet of two brothers, a married sister and her husband. Balzacian, because superficially their story is so dull.

This tale of a cotton mill and how to finance it, is, on the surface, as boring as those great novels which Balzac based on the coach-building industry and the paper trade. The trouble is the brother-in-law, who is a victim of heart disease and refuses to invest his bonds which are lying in the bank of which he is president.

Husband and wife have never been on good terms, and when he returns to his home from the hospital the battle royal begins. The wife cajoles, bullies, threatens. He will not invest. Then an unforeseen thing happens. The son of one of the brothers, an employee at the bank, has opened his uncle-in-law's safe and seen the bonds there; why should not the two brothers "borrow" the bonds? The old hocus-pocus of your embezzler.

The rest of the tale is familiar. Discovery, heart-attack, wife who looks on and does nothing. After which the widow starts blackmailing her brothers—you know the sort of thing. And then compunction sets in, which is the film's other fault. Only men have compunction; this particular quality has never been part of the feminine make-up. It is a weakness, and from that kind of weakness women are free. Compare Jael, Judith, Corday, any of 'em.

Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall first-class as usual, and a very good performance by Miss Patricia Collinge, a player new to me.



# Garbo Goes Gay in Glamour Girl Stakes

"Two-faced Woman"  
at the Empire now

George Cukor directs Garbo in her first singing, dancing, ski-ing comedy. It is the story of a simple ski-instructress, Karin (Greta Garbo) who falls in love with and marries a holiday-making New York publisher, Larry Blake (Melvyn Douglas). Back in town, Larry forsakes simplicity for sophistication. So Karin, deciding that glamour pays, goes gay. True to her reputation of being the screen's foremost dramatic actress, Garbo takes full advantage of her first opportunity to show her glamour possibilities. Charges of immorality and of indecency have challenged *Two-faced Woman* and, in certain towns, have held up its presentation. But don't let that stop you seeing the picture



Larry, enjoying his honeymoon in the mountains is loath to return to New York to his work there. O. O. Miller, a business associate, tries to persuade him that it is essential that he should return at once. (Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas and Roland Young)

Larry makes up his mind to return to New York leaving his bride behind. He breaks the news to her while she is swimming so that she won't have a chance to weaken his resolve. (Melvyn Douglas and Greta Garbo)



Robert Alton, who staged the big dance number in Fred Astaire's film "You'll Never Get Rich" (see page 79) taught Garbo to do the rumba and the chicachoca for this picture. (Melvyn Douglas and Greta Garbo)

Garbo, learning the arts of glamour and the penalties of hang-overs, takes Miss Ellis, who is Larry's secretary, into her confidence. (Greta Garbo and Ruth Gordon)

Glamour Girl No. 1 shows the way to vamp the big, tired business man. Larry, falling for her charms, is worried about that simple sweetheart of his in the mountains. (Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas)







A munificent dame is Bryan Michie, who in pantomime mythology is Jack's mother. Archie Glen, the crooked man, Arthur Askey, who Farjeon suggests should be re-christened "Quick-fire," Bryan Michie and Jack Hartman are drilled for the Palace Home Guard by comedian Monsewer Eddie Gray, who is "very funny, very often"

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Once again the principal boy is fooled by an old witch's tale. Jack hands over the necklace which proves his claim to the throne of Sylvania. The witch substitutes another and all proof of the rightful ownership has gone. Florence Desmond is a glamorous principal boy—"as good as I remember to have seen," says Farjeon. The witch is played by Ilona Sylva

# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## Jack and Jill (Palace)

NEVER before having seen *Jack and Jill*, which is one of the rarer pantomimes, I was surprised to gather, soon after the curtain rose, that the surname of the Jack who went up the hill was Horner, suggesting that here was a Jack of more than one trade. Whether he pulled the plum out of his mouth before he went up the hill, and whether, having gone up the hill, he built a house on the top of it, planted a beanstalk, and killed a giant, must remain conjectural, the story at the Palace confining itself to one episode in his career.

This episode, so significantly bare and so mysteriously admonitory in the original rhyme, has inevitably been elaborated. The water Jack goes to fetch in his pail is magic water. The crown that gets a knock is the crown of the kingdom of Sylvania, to which it is discovered he is the rightful heir, but the Witch sees to it that he shall be proclaimed an impostor in favour of Big-Hearted Arthur Askey.

Jack does, also, hurt his own head just a little when he comes sliding down a rostrum in one of the later scenes, but the only first aid necessary appears to be the first aid he receives

from Jill in promptly singing a duet. This, if I had been of the nursery age, I should have found disconcerting but a relief, for I was always rather horrified by the bit about Jack breaking his crown, which seemed to be falling into two equal halves before my eyes.

IN spite of the difficulties of the story, which has to be invented and is therefore less satisfactorily customary than the stories of *Cinderella* and *Aladdin* and *The Sleeping Beauty*, this Emile Littler pantomime is a sound, straightforward, well-spangled rough-and-tumble; and though, when a pantomime is too long, I sometimes tell myself, "Well, a pantomime ought to be too long," it is pleasant not to have to be telling oneself that in a pantomime of the right length.

Big-Hearted Arthur Askey as the principal comic keeps it lively and clean, which a pantomime should be, never failing in resource and giving a new topical twist to food songs when he gets us all to join in the chorus of "What! no milk?" I do not consider, however, that Big-Hearted is the apt epithet for him. Big-Hearted Bud Flanagan if you like, but Cute-Minded or Quick-Fire would be more suitable for Mr. Askey, who is a needle rather than a darning ball.

FLORENCE DESMOND makes as good a principal boy as I remember to have seen. She has dash and glitter and she keeps her hero on the inhuman glamorous plane that is right in romance of the pantomime order. And in addition to her imitations, now performed in a castle courtyard, she recites John of Gaunt's paean to England in a patriotic scene so well that I begin to wonder whether she has not other vocations on the stage hitherto unanswered.

Sometimes, in the work for which she is known, I have wondered whether Miss Desmond has not almost too much size—a rare quality on the stage these days. Since, besides this size, she has unusual intelligence and the ability to speak verse more as it should be spoken than it is by the lisping lasses who would make such agreeable Juliets and Rosalinds and Violas in a drawing-room—why not, Miss Desmond, have a "go," as they say, at Shakespeare? If I were Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, and if the Old Vic in the Waterloo Road were still an operating concern, I think I would take my courage in both hands and ask Miss Desmond to do likewise for a season.

A WORD of gratitude, in conclusion, to Monsewer Eddie Gray who, as juggler, tumbler and comic, has the most original personality in the show. He is very funny very often and, though I don't seriously suggest that he should go into Shakespeare, might not be at all a bad choice for Nym. He is, at all events, of that immortal tatterdemalion crew, groping gloriously in rough seas for a foothold on shifting sands.



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### The Bridegroom's Sister

Lady Violet Vernon, who is Lord Errington's youngest sister, and her husband, Major M. S. B. Vernon, Grenadier Guards, were at the wedding reception at the Savoy Hotel. They were married in 1937 and have one daughter



### Guests and the Bridegroom's Mother

The Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry went to the Errington-Harmsworth wedding and to the reception afterwards. Behind Lady Londonderry in the photograph is the Countess of Cromer, mother of the bridegroom



### At the Reception

Major R. C. Robin was talking to Lady Jane Nelson at the Savoy. She is the elder sister of the late Duke of Grafton and a cousin of the present Duke. Her husband, Major John Nelson, is in the Grenadier Guards, and Lady Jane lives in Surrey with her two little daughters



### Wedding Conversation

Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin, Captain Tufnell and the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Leatham were three more contemporaries of the bride and bridegroom at the wedding. Miss Wyndham-Quin is a granddaughter of the Earl of Dunraven, and Mrs. Leatham is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Buckland



### Friends of the Bride

Miss Belinda Blew-Jones and Miss Sarah Norton are two of Miss Harmsworth's young friends. Miss Norton is the only daughter of the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Norton, and a granddaughter of Lord Grantley



### A Table for Two

The Marquis of Tavistock and his wife had a table to themselves at the reception. He is the Duke of Bedford's heir, and married Mrs. Clare Holloway, daughter of Mr. John Bridgeman, in 1939, and they have a son, born in 1940

## A Fleet Street Wedding

Viscount Errington and the Hon. Esme Harmsworth

### Two Glasses of Champagne



Lady Dashwood, wife of Sir John Dashwood, and the Countess of Jersey both drank the bride and bridegroom's health in champagne. Lady Jersey was formerly Virginia Cherrill, and married Lord Jersey as his second wife in 1937

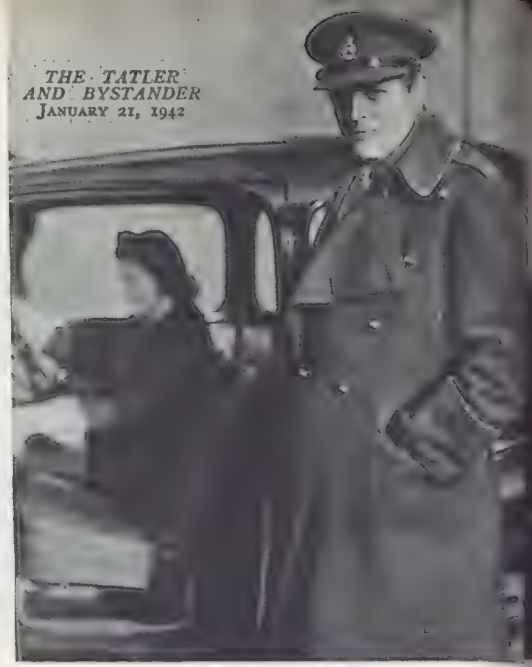
Photographs by  
Swaebe

### After the Wedding

Lord and Lady Errington were photographed after the ceremony with Captain Richard Rasch, the best man, who, like the bridegroom, is in the Grenadier Guards, and Viscount Rothermere, who gave his daughter away. The bride wore a Brussels lace veil lent by Lady Cromer







THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER  
JANUARY 21, 1942

### Army Leave for Family Christenings

Captain Lord Montgomerie came home on leave for the christening of his baby daughter, who was given the name of Susanna, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh. Lord and Lady Montgomerie are seen outside the cathedral, where they were married in 1938, with Susanna and the Hon. Archibald George, their son and heir. Godparents were Mr. J. P. R. Glyn, Lady Barbara Gore and Miss April Watson.

The son of Captain and Mrs. Philip Doyne-Ditmas was christened at the Parish Church, Cirencester, early this month. He was given the names of Trevor Harold Anthony. The godparents were Mr. D. Doyne-Ditmas, Captain E. Atkinson, Captain G. C. Keane, Lady Stavordale and Mrs. H. Lowther Leisk.

W. Dennis Moss

### Randolph Churchill Home

The Prime Minister's son, Major Randolph Churchill, M.P., arrived home recently after several months' service in the Near East. He was met at the airport by his wife, who is Lord Digby's daughter, and by his mother and sister, Mrs. Duncan Sandys (see page 83).

## Social Round-about

(Continued)

them on a long tour, as well, but asked the King's permission to remain in his car while the Royal party was walking round the factories and docks.

Always a stickler for etiquette, whenever he comes to town, Lord Derby never fails to drive to Buckingham Palace to "sign the book." And he has always a cheery word for the servants at the Palace door and the police at the Palace gates. Many a Royal servant, too, cherishes the memory of a valuable "tip" from the owner in those happy days when racing was in full swing, and the Stanley stable was to the fore.

### Princess in Uniform

ONE could wish that every woman wore uniform as well and as smartly as the Princess Royal. Usually she is in khaki for, in addition to her job in the A.T.S., she is commandant of her own hospital for officers, established in the pleasantest wings of her Yorkshire home.

The Princess is also an active member of Women's Voluntary Services, and she looks equally well in their attractive dark-green garb. She was wearing it when she went a round of the Services canteens in Yorkshire

centres the other day. She had both lunch and tea with the workers, and told the members of a voluntary organisation, which gives a twenty-four-hour welfare service for men and women in the Services, that she hoped they would understand how very much serving men and women appreciated their efforts.

### An Engagement

LORD LLOYD and Lady Jean Ogilvy make a very charming couple. Their engagement has given great pleasure to their relatives and friends, and nobody is more delighted about her namesake granddaughter's betrothal than the Dowager Countess of Airlie, Queen Mary's picturesque lady-in-waiting.

Lord Lloyd is twenty-nine, a lieutenant in the Welsh Guards, and related, through his mother, to the Earl of Harewood, the Princess Royal's husband. He succeeded his father about a year ago.

Lady Jean, dark-eyed, vivacious, keen on dancing and the races, is the eldest member of Lord and Lady Airlie's family of six. She is twenty-three.

As devoted to Scotland as is her father, who is Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, she is very fond, too, of London, thoroughly enjoyed her pre-war Seasons and the round of race meetings which she was allowed to do. Like all the Airlie children, she is unconventional and has a democratic outlook. The last time I saw her she was standing in a queue at one of the big

stores waiting her turn to buy a twopenny bar of chocolate!

### Mrs. Churchill Visits a Munitions Factory

MRS. CHURCHILL'S boudoir at No. 10, Downing Street has not seen a great deal of her while the Prime Minister has been conferring with Mr. Roosevelt and the statesmen on the other side of the water. For she has as great a fund of energy as her husband, refuses to rest, and, really, made his absence no excuse at all for well-deserved relaxation. Rather she undertook double duty, some of it involving long railway journeys.

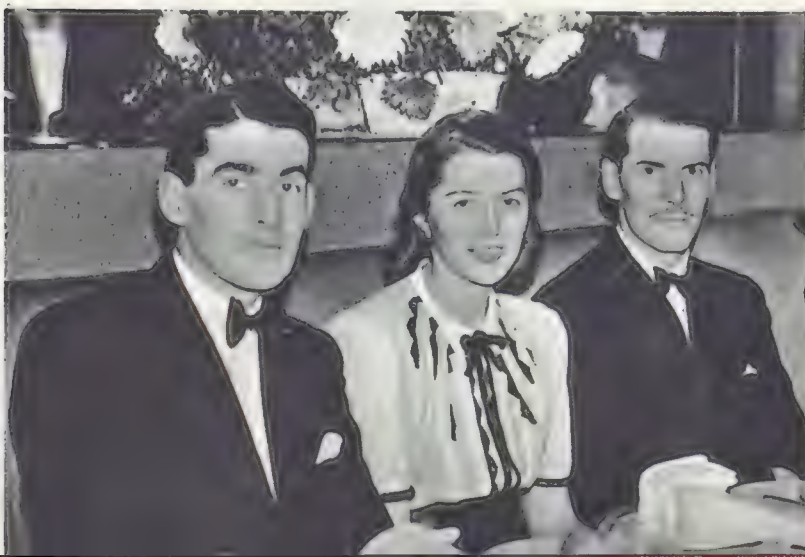
There is a munitions worker in the North of England who has been telling his pals that "Mrs. Churchill can dance—she can an' all," and he ought to know, for he danced with her when she visited his particular factory. It was a bitterly cold day, and after seeing the workers at their machines, Mrs. Churchill went to the canteen, where a mid-day dance was soon in full swing. It took only half a word of invitation for the wife of the Prime Minister to go on to the floor herself, and she danced, and really enjoyed, a slow waltz.

Nothing could have endeared her more to the hearts of those North country folk. She joined in so naturally, and seemed at once to be at home with them. That is the secret of her success with the workers. She does not obviously adapt herself to them—she is one of them, sympathetic, understanding, friendly. A woman worker in the factory

### Dining and Dancing at the Lansdowne

Flight-Lieut. the Hon. Oswald Berry was dining with his wife, the former Lady Mary Pratt, and his elder brother, the Hon. Douglas Berry. Lady Berry is the only daughter of the Earl of Brecknock and married Mr. Berry, Lord Kemsley's fifth son, in 1940.

Captain and Mrs. F. W. Hartman were together. Captain Hartman, whose country place is at Northease, Lewes, is well known in Sussex hunting circles. In 1935 he became Joint-Master with Mr. A. W. H. Dalgely of the South-down Foxhounds. Recently he bought Luckington Manor in Gloucestershire.







THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER  
JANUARY 27, 1942



Lenore

Swaebe

D. R. Stuart

### Television Hostess, Racing Motorist and W.R.N.S. Recruit Announce Their Engagements

Elizabeth Cowell, one of the first television hostesses, is to marry Captain Alastair Norman Balfour of the Intelligence Corps, early in February. Miss Cowell, slim, dark and twenty-nine, is known to all B.B.C. listeners, for she has recently been handling such well-known programmes as "In Town To-night" and "Women at War." Captain Balfour is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. S. Balfour, of Dawyck, Scotland

Last week we announced the engagement of Baroness Dorn-dorf and Captain Anthony Ryan. Baroness Dorn-dorf, who was Dorothy Patten, the racing motorist, was left a widow in 1938 when the Baron, an Austrian, was killed hunting boar in Pau. Captain Ryan is the son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Richard Ryan of Garland Lodge, Poole. He went to France with the Sherwood Foresters and was mentioned in despatches

Anne Lettice Ridgeway, only daughter of the Rev. Charles Lennox and Mrs. Ridgeway, of Higher Hill, Hittisleigh, Devon, is to marry Capt. Louis Wreford-Brown of the Intelligence Corps. Miss Ridgeway recently joined the W.R.N.S. Her fiancé is the elder son of the late Richard Louis Wreford-Brown, M.C., and of Mrs. Wreford-Brown, of Oxford

described her as "so 'uman," and that seems just to express it.

#### Home from the East

THE Churchill family have been welcoming home Major Randolph Churchill from the Middle East. His most vociferous welcome came from his small son, the younger Winston, who had heard so much of "Daddy" from his mother that he held out his arms at once to the broad-shouldered, bronzed, khaki-clad figure who suddenly appeared in his nursery.

"Mrs. Randolph" went to the airfield to meet her husband. Onlookers smiled sympathetically as she ran to him and stood on tiptoe to fling her arms round his neck.

Like her mother-in-law, young Mrs. Churchill is doing a lot of war work. She is a practical person, and is finding that the domestic science training which her mother, Lady Digby, insisted upon her taking when she left school is standing her in good stead now.

#### Fleet Street Wedding

MISS ESMÉ HARMSWORTH made, as one expected that she would, one of the most beautiful brides London has seen since the war began.

Lady Cromer, her mother-in-law, had lent her her own Brussels lace bridal veil, and it was draped very simply on her dark curling hair. Her wedding frock was of white net.

She and Lord Errington, who is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, chose St. Dunstan's,

Fleet Street, for the ceremony, and both families were well represented in the crowded congregation. Lord and Lady Cromer had with them their son-in-law, Colonel J. D. Hills. He was going to spend part of the week-end writing a long account of the wedding to his wife, Lady Rosemary Hills, who is in Canada with their children.

#### And Another at the Guards Chapel

MR. GIBSON WATT, Welsh Guards, and Miss Diana Hambro, daughter of Sir Charles Hambro, were married at the Guards Chapel. Two children carried the bride's veil—Miss Philippa Cobbold, and Master Peter Hill-Wood, and Mr. Michael Tompkin was best man.

People there included Sir Charles and Lady Hambro (the bride's father and stepmother), Miss Cynthia Hambro, Sir Eric Hambro, Lady (Sybil) Hambro, Mrs. Gibson Watt (the bridegroom's mother), Mr. Andrew Gibson Watt, the Ladies Elizabeth and Blanche Cobbold, Lord Lothian, and Lady Strathcona.

Another wedding was in Ayrshire, between Miss Nan Baird, who was at one time a Scottish golf international, and Mr. A. M. H. Wardlaw.

#### Hunting in Warwickshire

THE fact of the war is noticeable at a meet with the Warwickshire Hounds. Their young huntsman, Gillson, is serving now, and his place has been taken for the duration by Will Maiden, an old man who was a whip in this country some years ago. Most people are

on unclipped horses, but there has been some good sport lately. Lord Willoughby de Broke has been among those out, and his small son David has appeared on foot. Mrs. John Lakin rides astride particularly well, and was one of the few good women polo players before the war. She is Lord Cowdray's sister. Colonel Jack Speed, who commanded the Life Guards, goes out, also his stepdaughter Angela Leaf, and his wife often follows hounds in her pony cart. Mrs. Norton-Griffiths was out on foot one day, with her two small daughters and three Polish Air Force officers, staying with her for their leave. Another day Major Gar Emmet and his wife and family were all out riding, and Lady Renwick was at the meet with her four children.

(Concluded on page 104)

#### Royal Military Chapel Wedding

Lieut. James David Gibson Watt, Welsh Guards, eldest son of the late Major James Gibson Watt and of Mrs. Gibson Watt, of Doldowlod, Llandrindod Wells, was married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to Diana Hambro, daughter of Sir Charles Hambro. (See "Social Roundabout," this page)

#### A Twelfth Night Party at Grosvenor House

Lord Latham, leader of the London County Council, one of the recently created Socialist peers, went to the Twelfth Night party in aid of the London Ambulance Benevolent Fund with his wife and two of their three daughters, Barbara, who is an A.C.W.2 in the W.A.A.F., and Jean, who is in the W.R.N.S.





# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IF the Germans scrap the Eiffel Tower, as a daily paper says they intend, they will be doing post-war Paris a considerable service, except for the tourist agencies and manufacturers of fancy goods.

Just as the art boys of Chelsea used to moan like sick babies and draw down blinds in trains when sighting the Crystal Palace, so the art boys of Montparnasse used to behave towards the Eiffel Tower, going so far, even, as to threaten innocent rustic sightseers with violence for admiring it. Cocteau wrote a whimsy piece (*Les Fiancées de la Tour Eiffel*) round it which meant nothing in particular, like most Cocteau pieces, and the Dôme and the Rotonde grew tired years ago of making abusive rhymes and drawings.

Meanwhile provincials up from Puy and Fouilly-les-Oies continued stolidly to gape, to take lunch and dinner in the café on the second (? third) platform, and, unsuccessfully, to throw themselves off the top when crossed in love or debt, rebounding invariably from the jutting platform next below.

Finally Citroën hired the edifice for a publicity night-sign, and what it cost Citroën a year in electricity was just one more black mark against that showy unpopular millionaire when the Red boys were discussing his fate on the Grand Soir in the bistros of Montrouge and Belleville.

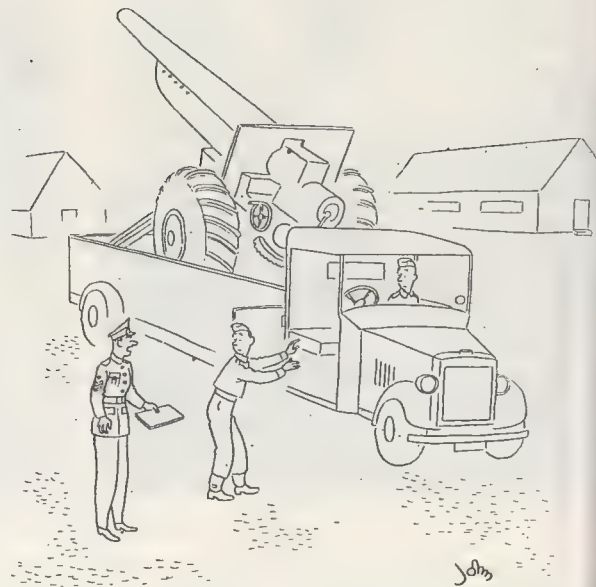
## Footnote

THE Eiffel Tower has looked pretty jaded and forlorn since they modernised the adjacent Trocadero, of the same vintage period. Those myriad small gilt models in lead, plaster, or china were useful in domestic discussions, however, which is more than can be said for the Crystal Palace.

## Songbird

OBITUARIES of the widow of F. E. Weatherly, K.C., who wrote the words of "Roses of Picardy," "Friend o' Mine," "Thora," "Boys of the Old Brigade," and about 500 other popular ballads, seemed to indicate that the Fleet Street boys think these offerings are a thing of the fragrant past. They should use their radios more, whatever the cost. Nearly every munition-factory concert gives them the lie.

Weatherly is not everybody's tea, but he never—correct us if stinkingly wrong—fell into the error, common to the usual Victorian ballad-lyricist, of making the contemporary high-collared tenor with hair parted in the middle assert at the top of his lungs that Almighty God his Maker had personally chosen and guaranteed for him the maiden he was celebrating; an error so fantastic, considered theologically, socially, and æsthetically, that one wonders



"Hurry back, there's a dozen eggs to go to 'G' Battery"

whether even the Victorians invariably swallowed it.

## Sweetheart

WHICH reminds us of an argument we sometimes had with E. V. Lucas over an incredible poem in his anthology "The Open Road" called "The Wander-Lovers," in which a Mr. Hovey claims *inter alia* that a girl friend named Marna is a daughter of the air, moving in the measures trod by the angels before God, just as much at home in Spain as in Tangier or Touraine, striving ever for some goal past the blunder-god's control. Our deduction was that Marna was obviously an egg-faced ladylike number from Surbiton addicted to lockets, maiden-hair fern, sensible tweeds, Cook's tours, croquet, blushing, lace collarettes, "Warblings at Eve," woollen underwear, Tennyson, Dainty Farmhouse Teas, refined squeals, and painting flowers on glass.

Sometimes Lucas agreed, sometimes denied it, and sometimes he drew an even more devastating portrait of Mr. Hovey's Marna, quite unfit for publication. Which only shows something or other.

## Trollery

INQUIRING of a chance-met Norwegian last week whether German troops in the vicinity of the Dovrefjeld are much harried by the trolls who live there, we gathered they are not. The notorious self-sufficiency of trolls, he said, inclines to make them admire the Nazi philosophy (also the Brains Trust boys, oddly enough).

This applies to the ordinary troll, with a long curved nose like a reaping-hook, long hairy arms, and little red burning eyes, to the superior breed of troll with a pig's snout and a cockaded tail, like the Old One of Dovre, to the Great Crooked One of Etnedal, and to mountain trolls like Tron Valfjeldet, Rolf Eldförlungen, and Kjöstöl Aabaaken, whom Peer Gynt knocked bowlegged up on the Fjäll. The reason we're so well up on trolls and their names is that we know a superior one who lives in St. John's Wood, writes music, and belongs to the National Liberal Club (a great hide-out for trolls, incidentally).

Trolls in Norway seem to be all quislings at heart, as their cynical egotism and love of mischief would naturally make them.



"You ought to learn to read, Herbert—sooner or later you'll get tired of just looking at the pictures"



# Baldoyle Races

A New Year Meeting in Dublin



## In the Paddock

Miss Gloria Nugent, Lady Prichard-Jones, wife of Sir John Prichard-Jones, and Lady Nelson were together at Baldoyle. Miss Nugent and Lady Prichard-Jones are daughters of Sir Walter Nugent, the Irish racehorse owner, and Lady Nelson's husband, Sir James Nelson, is also an owner of note, and a member of the Irish Turf Club

Photographs by  
Poole, Dublin

## Lieut.-Col. Charteris and Lady Maffey

Lieut.-Colonel "Dick" Charteris was with Lady Maffey, whose husband, Sir John Maffey, is the British representative in Eire, and who has recently joined the ranks of racehorse owners in Ireland. Colonel Charteris owns Cahir Park, Tipperary, where he is said to have the best woodcock shooting in the kingdom



## A Recent Bride

Mrs. Annesley, at Baldoyle in a striped fur coat, was married to Mr. Gerald Annesley in October last year. She is the daughter of the late Major D. R. Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald, of Hollymount, Carlow



## A Famous Jockey and His Wife

Two more at Baldoyle Races were Mr. Pat and Lady Alexandra Beasley. He is the crack jockey, and married in 1939 the only sister of the Earl of Wilton. Pat Beasley's father rode thirteen times in the Grand National, and won it on Come Away



## An International Horseman

Major and Mrs. J. G. O'Dwyer were photographed in the stand. He is a member of the world-famed Irish Army jumping team, and he won the King George V. trophy at Olympia in 1936, on that famous horse, Limerick Lace



## Lord Hempill and a Lady Owner

Miss Eve Hallam went to Baldoyle Races on New Year's Day with Lord Hempill. He lives at Tulira, in Co. Galway. The principal race, the Jubilee Chase, was won by Colonel Scott, Moore, with Pulcher



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

## Cordial

POTEEN-MAKING is a major art and should be attempted only by picked artists consecrated to and worthy of their high task; for which reason we feel those London amateurs who have been rashly attempting to run illicit whisky-stills deserved to get it in the neck, as they did.

C. E. Montague, who wrote a superb short story on poteen, is about the only Englishman who ever caught the significance and atmosphere of an illicit still in an Irish bog: the dreaming, lovely skies, the fragrant summer air, the exquisite nature of the liquor (we wish we could remember all his lyrical comparisons, which include velvet, amber, music, gold, and the varnish on priceless old Cremona violins), the gravity, sobriety, and courtesy of the officiant and his guests, and the decent reluctance of the raiding police to break up such a haven of civilised refreshment and peace. Not all

poteen is as good as Montague's, but some of it is.

The illicit whisky and gin of recent London raids was synthetic rotgut stuff of the grade American citizens used to make at home during Prohibition. At a party we once saw a chap making gin by the gallon in a big zinc tub placed in the bathroom. A commonplace, except that later in the evening some of his guests who had not fallen down found his negro cook sitting in it, clothed, smiling, and asleep, and never mentioned the fact, in case she was real.

## Blast

BOMBS bursting in the Salle Wagram in Paris the other day not only inconvenienced some of the Boches present in that concert hall but must have reminded the more musical of them of one or two modern German masterpieces, the *Wozzeck* of Alban Berg especially.

As the poet said when he heard a tin cuckoo with croup:

O cuckoo! shall I call thee Berg  
Or just a hellish noise?

## Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Do you reckon we ought to keep straight on up this road, or turn to the left?"

—and a knowledgeable chap assures us that the Boche, inured from birth to noise and masochism, could make nothing much of Berg's opera, even those who had previously taken a course of Hindemith and Schönberg. *Wozzeck* came out in Berlin in the 1920's and its noises made a fitting overture to the rise of Nazidom and the uproar ensuing.

An ace-cacophonist named Bloch seems now to have taken the place of Hindemith and Berg as the chouchou of the highbrow critic boys, the doyen of whom has been assuring the hamfaced populace in a Sunday paper, rather overbearingly, that they'll like Bloch all right some day when they're educated up to him. *Tu parles, coco!* And suppose this Bloch boy has a lapse meanwhile and declines shamefully into melody like the old reactionary bourgeois gang of Bach, Beethoven, *et al.*?

## Correction

A NAVAL thinker—extraordinary the interest those chaps take in women—assures us that we remarked too sweepingly the other week that suffering inflicted on poets by women is good for them and notoriously improves their style. There are, he says, limits. A poet made to suffer too much, he claims, may turn mulish and crabbed and may even lay down the pen and grab the hairbrush, correcting his fair tormentor with great verve and vim.

Our own information is that poets are generally too scared of women to do anything but run for it; as witness one of our favourite pieces, of serious verse, from a little book called *Original Poems in the Moral, Heroic, Pathetic, and other Styles*, 1805:

Tho' dear a female's face or form,  
Tho' elegant her attitude,  
We fly, as from the winged storm,  
If she pours forth INGRATITUDE.

It took Shakespeare about a hundred sonnets to say that.

## Job

NONE of our busy self-elected little world-planners (we often wish we had half their nerve!) has yet clearly indicated whether military V.C.s in the better post-war world will still get cushy jobs as odd-job men and commissionaires, or whether naval D.S.O.s will still be seen selling vacuum-cleaners from door to door on commission, as after the last war.

A chap who was forced to do this for a time but is now at sea again, all over gold trimmings and bawling convoy captains out, told us recently with a wry grin that next time he'd rather travel in some kind of domestic article he knew a bit more about; which reminded us inevitably of the late Murray Allison's story of the two commercial travellers, which you may or may not have heard, we don't care which. They met—one sociable, one laconic—at the end of a day in the commercial-room of a drab provincial hotel and this conversation ensued:

"Taken any orders to-day, old man?"

"No."

"Taken any this week?"

"No." (Pause.)

"Any this month?"

"No." (Pause.)

(Long pause. Then, desperately:)

"Any orders this year, old man?"

"One."

"Good God, man! What do you travel in?"

"Battleships."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis





Squadron Leader Christopher John Mount, D.F.C., is twenty-nine. An old Etonian, he joined the Oxford University Air Squadron in 1933 while up at Trinity. In 1938 he was commissioned in the R.A.F., promoted Flying Officer in 1939, Flight Lieutenant in 1940, and Squadron Leader in 1941. "Mickey," as he is known to the squadron, was posted to a Polish fighter station early last year. Later he transferred and went out East. He has shown outstanding ability as a fighter pilot and leader. On one occasion his squadron destroyed eight enemy aircraft without loss.



Group Captain V. B. Bennett, D.F.C., was born in London in 1902. He enrolled as a cadet at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, in 1920, and from 1923 to 1927 was serving on the Indian North-West Frontier, flying Bristol fighters. In 1929 he was appointed A.D.C. to the Viceroy, Lord Irwin. Returning to England in 1931 he served with an Army Co-operation squadron and later transferred to the Army Staff College. During the last two years Group Captain Bennett has taken part in many bombing attacks on German targets, including Berlin. He was awarded the D.F.C. in 1941, promoted to Group Captain and given command of a northern station of Bomber Command.

## Olive Snell Portraits of Four R.A.F. Pilots



Left: Squadron Leader T. A. F. MacLachlan, D.F.C., and bar, is now twenty-three. He left school at seventeen and four days later was flying solo. He was in France from the earliest days of the war right up to the evacuation of Dunkirk. In the summer and autumn of that year he played his part in the brilliant air defence of these islands. Later he went to Malta, where in one day he brought down five enemy aircraft, himself losing an arm in the process. Undaunted, MacLachlan was soon in the air again. There followed Greece, Crete, Tobruk, Eritrea—MacLachlan was there. Now he commands a famous Fighter Squadron.

Right: One of the gallant Polish airmen who has earned the admiration and respect of every flying man, whether he be friend or foe. This twenty-six-year-old fighter pilot, who wears the Croix de Guerre and the Polish Cross of Valour, must, for obvious reasons, be nameless. He played his part in the defence of Warsaw. Then followed a year with the French Air Force. He did his share in the defence of Paris. His squadron was the first Polish squadron to land in this country. They crossed the Channel with all their equipment, including guns and ammunition. Since then, this Polish pilot has destroyed at least three enemy aircraft.





## Girls Who Work

Miss Mary Gordon-Finlayson is the only daughter of General Sir Robert and Lady Gordon-Finlayson. A debutante of 1938, she went to Egypt that year, when her father was appointed G.O.C.-in-C. of British troops there, till he returned to England and became G.O.C.-in-C., Western Command, from which post he retired in 1940. Miss Gordon-Finlayson has been working as an orderly at a Red Cross hospital for officers' wives, and now drives an ambulance in London

Miss Joy Holdsworth Hunt is working for the British Red Cross Prisoners-of-War department. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Holdsworth Hunt, and a granddaughter of Sir James Devonshire

Miss Annabel Newman is the eldest daughter of Sir Cecil Newman, Bt., and Lady Newman, of Burloes, Royston, Herts. Besides her work as a full-time Red Cross nurse at a local hospital, she is secretary for Royston National Savings groups



Harlip

Miss Joy Holdsworth Hunt



Yevonde

Miss Mary Gordon-Finlayson



Bertram Park

Miss Annabel Newman



Bertram Park

Miss Clarissa Borenus

Miss Clarissa Borenus is the elder daughter of Professor and Mme. Tancred Borenus. Her father is the well-known Finnish art connoisseur and diplomat. Miss Borenus, who is an accomplished pianist, works for the Polish Relief Fund in London



# Mothers and Children



*Lady Herbert With Diana and Henry*

Lady Herbert was Lady Mary Dorothea Hope before her marriage to the Earl of Pembroke's heir in 1936. She is a sister of the Marquis of Linlithgow. Her daughter was born in 1937 and her son two years later. She was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent in 1934, and Lord Herbert became the Duke of Kent's Equerry in 1935

Right:

## *Lady Rowallan and Robert*

Lady Rowallan has five sons, the eldest of whom is now serving in the Army. The youngest, Robert, was born last year. Lady Rowallan was formerly Guyn Mervyn Grimond, and married in 1918 the second Baron Rowallan of Rowallan, Kilmarnock, where this picture was taken. Lord Rowallan is a Lieut.-Col. in the Royal Scots Fusiliers



Bassano

## *Lady Bradford With Alison and John*

Lady Bradford is the wife of Major Sir Edward Bradford, Bt. She was formerly Alison Lawson, daughter of Mr. John Lawson, of Borrobol, Sutherland, and was married in 1937. She has a small daughter, Alison, and her son was born last September. Sir Edward Bradford was wounded in the present war while serving with the Cameronians

Compton Collier





# "The Big Blockade"

The Story of Britain's  
Fourth Arm of Attack  
— The Blockade of  
Germany and German  
occupied territories  
(London Pavilion)



Quentin Reynolds at the  
Ministry of Economic  
Warfare in London

Sir Ronald Cross  
takes a Press con-  
ference at the Ministry



Mr. Hugh Dalton (seated) discusses the script  
with Charles Frend, who directed the picture



Leslie Banks, David Bower,  
points to be made before

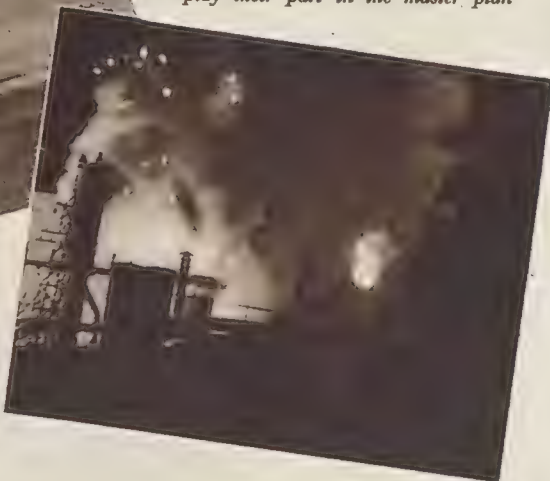
Michael Redgrave plays the part of a young Russian travelling through Germany to study economic conditions within the Reich. His ironical outlook typifies the feelings of all the Russians during that uneasy period of the Russian-German Pact

Marius Goring, an official of the German Ministry of Information, tells Austin Trevor, a German naval chief, that sinkings must be trebled. Truth may be disregarded—it is figures that count. "Wishful sinking" is the Quentinism which describes the scene

As the British bombing attacks on Germany strengthen in intensity, travelling within the Reich becomes increasingly difficult. Michael Redgrave attempts to bribe a bus conductor to allow him to board the bus with his travelling companion, Herr Schneider, a German business man who throughout the picture is gradually disillusioned by the realistic and satirical observations of the Russian (Michael Redgrave, Frank Cellier and Mark Daly)



A Hampden bomber sets out for Hanover. The target reached, the bombs play their part in the master plan



and Frank Allenby discuss in to the Press conference

The *Big Blockade* has been produced by Michael Balcon at Ealing Studios with the fullest co-operation and advice of the Ministry of Economic Warfare and with the assistance of the Royal Navy, the War Office and the Royal Air Force. H.M. Government is represented in the film by the Rt. Hon. Sir Ronald Cross, M.P., a former Minister of Shipping and now High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Australia; the Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P., Minister of Economic Warfare, and the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, Press Officer to the Ministry of Economic Warfare. Three well-known journalists, Frank Owen, editor of the *Evening Standard*, Michael Foot and Quentin Reynolds, represent the Press. Stars in their own setting are Leslie Banks, Will Hay, Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley, John Mills, John Stuart and Marius Goring. "Fighting is one side of war," Frank Owen says in his opening commentary. "There's another side: that is, stopping the enemy from fighting. We have seen the three great arms of Britain's grand offensive against Germany. . . . We have another weapon—one that weakens the Nazi power to strike back against us—the *Big Blockade*. . . . It has one purpose—one single objective—to choke the life out of German trade and industry, to bring Hitler's war machine surely and steadily to a standstill"



Robert Morley directs from Germany the vast scale looting of the conquered countries. A fantasy reconstruction of a meeting of quislings of occupied territories shows how Hitler attempts to make up for the insufficiency of food and materials in his own country

A British trawler is attacked by the enemy. The skipper (Will Hay) seizes the gun and eventually is successful in bringing the German down

Pilot and navigator have a few last words before taking off. It is with the return of the 'plane at dawn that the picture ends. The target has been reached. A new day is coming—the day of victory—of freedom for all men (Michael Rennie and John Mills)





# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Isolationism

IMPERIAL CHINA lived by its own great idea. It was already superbly civilised long before we emerged from the barbarian state. The Emperors of successive dynasties were divine beings; Confucian learning and the Confucian ideal perfected the Chinese gentleman as a gentleman. The cult of the arts of life, of peace, of manners, of the serene and the beautiful, and the impeccable functioning of the Civil Service, for centuries made of China the perfect world.

Such a China did not recognise, and refused to treat with, the advancing civilisation of the West. Imperial Rome had meant nothing to her, and the great humanistic movement of the Renaissance was, in its turn, ignored. In the view of China, Europeans remained "Red Barbarians."

For Europe, with its increased curiosity, China began to have the attraction first of a myth, then of a resolute and inscrutable mystery. First rumours, then tales of the fantastic richness, of curious splendours and ceremonials of the closed Empire sifted through to the West. Acquisitiveness, as well as curiosity, felt the stimulus. To establish trade with China became the object of European Powers—Portugal, Holland, England. Successive Embassies set off with high hopes. Imperturbably, China frustrated them.

Mr. Maurice Collis's *The Great Within* (Faber and Faber; 21s.) gives a direct and fascinating account of this. "The Great Within"—the Forbidden City or Palace of Peking—held the key to the mystery of Chinese reserve. Not only was the Emperor's sacred person untouchable by any one of his subjects, but no foreigner might even enter his land. All-powerful, "the Son of Heaven" remained apart, inside a ring of complex Court ritual. Unhappily, he was too often surrounded by functionaries—the Court eunuchs in particular—who were corrupt and self-interested. Such people, having feathered their own nests, were foes not only of progress but of the truth itself.

*The Great Within* is correctly summarised by its publisher as being "an episodic sketch of Chinese dynastic history from the end of the Ming Dynasty." The book opens with a picture of seventeenth-century China—enchancing for all its

flaws. Mr. Collis's style suits his subject perfectly: it is at once pictorial and ironic. His appreciation of subtleties makes him a perfect chronicler for the Chinese. He communicates his delight in the Ming civilisation, while indicating the reasons for its decline.

In 1644 the Ming Dynasty, rotted by the corruption about the Court, fell before the advance of the bandit, Li. The last of the ruling Ming Emperors, Ch'ung Chen, committed suicide; several of his Ministers and the Court ladies followed him in this honourable course. Until this end came, nothing but the contemplation of beauty, the enjoyment of love and the cultivation of style in writing and speech, had interested them.

## Intrigue

LI, the impious hill-man, sacked Peking, entered the now desolate Great Within, and took his place on the sacrosanct Dragon Throne. But Li's good days were to be brief. He was double-crossed by the powerful General Wu, who, last hope of the Mings, had been at a distance during the sack of Peking, guarding the frontier against Manchuria. Wu negotiated with Li for just long



Howard Coster

Mr. Sidney L. Bernstein

Mr. Bernstein is the unsalaried Adviser on Films to the M.O.I. Last week he returned to duty after an enforced rest from heart strain due to overwork. He recently flew over to America by bomber to arrange the distribution and sale—for dollars to be paid into the British Treasury—of "Target for To-night," which is recognised in America as the finest documentary film of 1941

enough to reclaim the person of his innamorata, "the Round-Faced Beauty," who had fallen into the brigand's hands. He then declared against Li and threw in his lot with the Manchu Prince Regent, Jui, who, in the name of his nephew, had already designs on the Chinese throne. It was through General Wu that the Ch'ing (or Manchu) Dynasty established itself in China: it was to rule on into our own century, until the Republic was declared. Wu, promoted to the rank of Prince, was instrumental in hunting the last of the Mings down.

The Ch'ings, as hardy newcomers with a nomad tradition, might have brought new vitality into the Empire. They were over-anxious, however, to live down the reproach of being barbarians, and so fell under the spell of the Great Within. Though the Manchu gentry maintained, in Chinese provincial life, their own hearty outdoor habits—their women, for instance, rode horses, whereas the high-bred Chinese beauties had been characterised by an extreme languor—the Ch'ing Court faction was quick to model itself upon the Ming pattern. From the Ming fall they appear to have learned little. The Ch'ing embraced with fervour their predecessors' extreme conservatism, and the old

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

HOUSES are very akin to spoiled children: if you leave them they sulk! Truly, there is a poltergeist which shapes our domestic and spiritual ends, seek to propitiate it as we may. A divine obstructionist. Anyway, be this true or untrue, I deserted my caravan last week and returned home. I had left the house in excellent order barely three months ago. It had been cleaned periodically; it had been aired. People had kept an eye on it. In every way it had been placated.

Nevertheless, as I approached, it seemed to me to possess a sullen air. Its expression was as one huffed. Like an egotistical woman rehearsing a scene. I unlocked the front-door in trepidation, for I was very tired, and I needed a quiet welcome. I yearned for the "pleased-to-see-you-back-again" of familiar pots and pans. "Well, it is very nice to be home once more!" I cried.

But you cannot propitiate either a deserted house or a sore relation. Come what may, each must have it out! Somehow or other, even as I sighed with relief to be home again, I felt the house inimical. Only sardonically it smiled. "I've come back!" I cried heartily, giving the place a metaphorical slap-on-the-back. "Come back!" it seemed to echo. "Come back—to what?" In less than ten minutes I knew!

Water seemed to come from anywhere—except the taps. The electricity

had fused (I expect it realised I had no fuse-wire). A dead starling turned the central heating into interior smoke. The wash-hand basin had cracked. In spite of all precaution, moths were in the best rug. Trying to unlock the back door, the key came to pieces in my hand. My bed had developed lumps. Two buff-coloured envelopes lay in the letter-box. The hall-ceiling had cracked. I was submerged in spite.

Even now we are not really friends. A domestic poltergeist is still in possession. A divine obstructionist bides its time. I know so well the game they play. One will overturn the ink-pot on to your best carpet, the other will rob you of your sweetest friend. The former will hide the one thing you are searching for in your greatest hurry, and reveal most everything you don't want; the latter will frustrate your loveliest longings, but offer you resignation in return.

The smaller enemy will flick your best bit of china out of your hands in playful spirit; the greater one will grant the dearest desires of your lonely heart—just ten years too late. And both, especially if you are feeling spiritually defenceless, in dire need of destiny's rare moments of cossetting, will gaily achieve their ends on one and the same day, if possible! Ah well, if it be true that the world laughs when you do, but hates the sight of you with sore eyes—Ha! Ha!





## Earth, Air, Fire, Water : By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

All the elements, in fact, of a successful—perhaps one might say a sweepingly successful—party! The Hurricane, unlike the camel, which goes a long way on a little, is a hungry and thirsty bird of prey, "as R.A.F. Station Commanders will testify



## With Silent Friends.

(Continued)

not set in the new house. At the end of the seventeenth century China remained, as ever, closed to the world.

Attempts, by the West, to penetrate into China and to establish a profitable contact are the subject of the later parts of the book. The records of these expeditions are fascinating.

The Portuguese, having gained a limited footing, remained very jealous of their position: they could not have shown themselves less helpful where other Europeans were concerned. The Jesuits, using intellect in the interests of religion, could at least meet on equal terms Chinese intellect: one of their number, Matteo Ricci, became an accepted figure in the forbidden land. The Dutch, with their solidity and enterprise, the English, with their self-assurance and dash, were less successful in plumbing Chinese psychology.

The attempted English diplomatic invasions are rich in satirical comedy that would have delighted Proust. For instance, in 1793 the Emperor Ch'ien Lung gave to the returning would-be Ambassador, Lord Macartney, a letter to George III. that ran thus:

Though you live, King, far beyond the oceans, nevertheless, inspired by a humble desire to partake of the benefits of civilisation, you have despatched to US a mission respectfully bearing your memorial.

WE have perused your memorial; the earnest terms in which it is framed reveal a devout humility which WE find commendable. . . . Your entreaty, however, that one of your nationals be accredited to OUR Court of Heaven cannot be entertained, as it is contrary to precedent.

And so on. One sees, now, the always implicit tragedy of China's refusal to treat with a changing world. While she lived (and smiled) in the past, chaos threatened her. In a few decades she has had to catch up with centuries. Now, she stands up to realities in as fine a spirit as any along our allied front. Even in her blindness she was great: what we salute these days is her greatness in vision.

## Innocent Strength

"*Boo*," by Peter de Polnay (Secker and Warburg; 8s.), is a story about an idiot. He has been abnormal from childhood; he cannot speak except to say "Boo"—and, later, "Bonjour"—so Boo becomes his name. His father, Mr. George, an impeccable butler who reads Henry James in his spare time, is alone in calling Boo "Edward"—the name received at the font. Mr. George maintains throughout that there is nothing wrong with Edward: the boy is only a little lazy, that's all—too lazy to trouble himself to speak.

A book with an idiot hero might be expected to be either clever-clever, facetious or disagreeable. *Boo* is none of these things—in fact, among novels that I have read in these last months I place it very high up indeed.

Idiots used, in more kindly days, to be called "innocents," and Mr. de Polnay, in presenting his hero, gives us a remarkable study of innocence. To begin with, Boo, the manservant's son, is physically aristocratic and beautiful; he has the incorruptible vitality of a young animal. Surrounded by men and women who are perplexed, uneasy, love-starved or on the make, his personality remains like a calm pool. His unconsciousness helps people to find themselves. All the same, he precipitates comedies that are grim enough.

The different phases of Boo's career are shown in a series of photographic scenes, in which Mr. de Polnay's flair for curt dialogue and power to create character in a few lines do effective work. The trend of the novel is, one must say, satirical, but its very dryness often invites pity: here is a sound and very far from unfeeling comment on life.

The scene shifts often—from South Shields (where the hero is born) to South Kensington (where his aunt keeps a boarding-house), from Kenya (where the unhappy young drunk, Joan, at odds with her lover, is introduced) to the Riviera (where Boo's father discreetly carries out his duties as butler to the nervous, sad Mrs. Acland, who has lost her only son). Boo, sent for to join his father at Mrs. Acland's villa, becomes the rich woman's heir. . . . To

give any more of the novel's plot would be unfair to the reader. There are a dozen surprises, and tension mounts steadily at the end. I shall only say that to read *Boo* is an experience—and an experience that I commend to you.

## Class Victim

"*THE VULGAR STREAK*" (Robert Hale; 8s.) is a new disconcerting novel by Mr. Wyndham Lewis—the Mr. Wyndham Lewis of *Tarr* and *The Apes of God*: be clear that I do not mean our own Mr. D. B. In the hero, handsome, versatile Vincent Penhale, we are given a creature self-victimised by his own obsessions about class. Vincent, the porter's son who with scornful ease plays the part of a gentleman, has only one object in life—to spoil the Philistine. He detests the upper classes he charms so easily, and is determined to settle a score with them—on behalf not only of himself but of his own class and his family, whose downtrodden squalor he just as much detests. In short, not a happy nature—nor can one call this a happy book.

The seduction, in Venice, of poor, nice April Mallow, with her Upper Kensington background, opens the ball. Returning to London with April (whom he has, after all, married) Vincent continues his tortured and tortuous campaign. His apparent wealth—or, at least, his sufficient means—turns out to have a sinister explanation. I must say that, while I respected Vincent's fanaticism, I did often find him a sad bore.

The importance—or so it seems to me—of this novel is that it is to an extent a parable. The Venetian interlude takes place in the "crisis" weeks that preceded Munich. And Vincent, in his final self-explanation, finds analogies for himself in Hitler and Mussolini: he, like those two, is the maddened under-dog. Hence his attempts at "action" on a maniac scale.

The arch-type of the man who is all action [says Vincent] is to be found in Berlin. . . . All this is a bug, an infection. Europe has run amok. In my little way, I reflect—I have reflected—what is biting Europe. Look how I went on! Just think of it! You must have seen. You ought to have told me. . . . I have proved upon my little personal stage that force is barren. Conceived in those hard terms of action-for-action's-sake nothing can be achieved, except for too short a period to matter. I have proved that, have I not?

## Fatal Experiment

MISS NGAIO MARSH is by far my favourite English woman detective-story writer—I must therefore beware of superlatives in her praise. Strictly (by a definition I once made) she writes the detective novel, not the detective story. Her *Death and the Dancing Footman* (Crime Club; 8s.) is a fit and not disappointing successor to her brilliant *Surfeit of Lamprays*—can I say more?

Here, an elderly and irresponsible aesthete collects, for a week-end in his country house, a party of people certain to loathe each other. Among the guests are two rival beauty specialists (one nice, one nasty) a face-surgeon, and a woman who has had her beauty ruined by a face operation twenty-five years ago. Snow falls: the nerve-ridden house-party is cut off from the world. Upon this, murder.

The ingredients of the tale may sound ordinary, almost conventional. But the high and curious spirit in which it is told, the characterisation and the intensive atmosphere lift *Death and the Dancing Footman* on to the plane of art. If you have a bent against the detective story, read *Death and the Dancing Footman* just as a novel.



Actor Blinded in Bismarck Action Takes Part in St. Dunstan's Christmas Show

Sub-Lieut. Esmond Knight, R.N.V.R., whose name is known to all theatre-lovers, was blinded aboard H.M.S. *Prince of Wales* when she successfully challenged the *Bismarck*. Emyln Williams told his story simply and movingly in his postscript on the 11th. At Christmas Esmond Knight played the part of Captain Dallas in Clemence Dane's thriller, "High Tension." He is seen standing, pipe in hand, on the right of Lady Buckmaster, a voluntary teacher of Braille at St. Dunstan's, who produced the play



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



## Swann — Kroyer-Kielberg

Capt. Kenneth G. Swann, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Swann, of Bramfield, Hertford, and Delmira Marion Kroyer-Kielberg, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Kroyer-Kielberg, of Stockgrove Park, Leighton Buzzard (formerly of Skanderborg, Denmark).



Pearl Freeman

## Sylvia Mary Price

Sylvia Mary Price, W.A.A.F., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davenport Price, of Abbots Morton Manor, Worcester, is engaged to Flight-Lieut. Allan W. Millson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Millson, of Furzegrove, Chailey, Sussex.



## Fellowes — Keyes

Lieut.-Colonel Halford David Fellowes, Royal Marines, elder son of Major H. Le M. Fellowes, and Rosemary Keyes, elder daughter of the late Brigadier-General Sir Terence Keyes and of Lady Keyes, of 25, Wetherby Gardens, S.W., were married quietly in London.



## Boggis-Rolfe — Noble

Captain Hume Boggis-Rolfe, Intelligence Corps, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Boggis-Rolfe, of the Grange, Wormingford, Colchester, and Anne Dorothea Noble, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Eric Heatley Noble, of Park Place, Remenham, Berks., were married at Henley-on-Thames Parish Church.



## Rodgers — Nicholson

Lieutenant-Commander John Malcolm Rodgers, R.N., son of the late W. F. Rodgers and Mrs. Rodgers, of Bude, married Joan Nicholson, daughter of the late Admiral Stuart Nicholson and Mrs. Nicholson, of Bude, at St. Michael's, Bude.



## Sinclair — Dickson

Major S. R. Sinclair, R.A.M.C., youngest son of Mr. S. Sinclair, of Adelaide Park, Belfast, married Joyce M. Dickson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Dickson, of Eltrick Lodge, Plaistow Lane, Bromley, Kent, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street.



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Si Cadere Necessè Est . . .

OUR most erudite readers, of course, know the rest of this quotation. Tacitus in effect said that, if you must take a bumper, you should have previously made yourself acquainted with the art of falling. Unless you have learnt how, you may well break your neck.

"Von" Hitler, of course, has never heard of this distinguished Roman historian, who wrote a treatise *De Moribus et Populis Germaniæ*; but I am sure that it would be profitable to him if he got someone to read him a translation, also one of Tacitus' History Book I., p. 33, from which the quotation about falling is taken. I do not know whether Tacitus ever rode in steeplechases, but I should think that it is quite likely that he did, because he is so familiar with the slang.

## The World's Worst Coachman

THERE are also quite unmistakable signs that Hitler has lost his nerve. When a man begins to blame everyone and everything else, and on top of this alters the lengths of his stirrup-leathers more than once, it is any calculable odds on his nerve having gone to fiddle-strings.

The murder of Von Röhm was the first sign; then there was the murder of Von Fritsch; then the suicide of the captain of the Graf Spee; then the panic flight of Hess, the sacking of Von Brauchitsch; the execution of Udet; the nervous peregrinations of Von Papen since the assumption of the supreme command of the German Army by "Von" Hitler—all signs pointing in the same direction: the finger-post

to Funk. The bad coachman has realised that he is lying too far out of his ground, and his nerves being now in the condition that they are, he has not a chance of correcting a very bad blunder. A really good jockey might, but a bad one never does. The harder he tries the worse does he make things, for no horse that was ever lapped in leather can go as he should with the man on top hopping about like a pea on a drum.

Hitler is a very fine example of this kind of coachman. He can ride a spurt well enough on a fresh horse with at least a stone the best of the weights, but where is he going to be at the end of a fourteen-mile point over a country where the fences are big and the gates are few?

## The Tibetan Trail

THE announcement that an alternative to the Burma Road to China has been found running from Dibrugarh through Tibet, makes me hope that it will be totally unlike the Younghusband road of 1904. That was a really infernal road, taking it from Darjeeling across the Teesta Valley up to Guntok, then on and up all the time till you came to the real climb over three desperate shark's-tooth passes: the Siboo-la, which was 1 in 1½ for at least 5 miles, then another pass almost as bad, and then the Gnathu-la, or, alternatively, the Jelap, which, incidentally, broke down the time I was there—that is to say, was very unsafe what with landslips and so forth. After



## Golf Finalists in India

Captain Wrexford was the winner and Mr. F. W. V. Ellvers the runner-up in the final of the Hill Vase golf competition. The match is the most important one played at Gulmarg, India. It was won by 7 to 6

these things it was comparatively plain sailing—a slide down to that lovely Chumbi Valley, which the Trossachs can hardly beat in the way of scenery.

There then only remained the crawl up to the Great Plateau, and to the most desolate fort in the world, by name Phari; after that there was a four-days march over the great tableland, altitude about 16,000, with Chumalarhi (24,000) and her equally beautiful sisters mirrored in the big lake. The snows never looked lovelier.

After this you eventually arrived at Gyantse via an attractive defile called the Red Idol Gorge, so named because of the gigantic figures of Buddha carved in the red rock of the cliffs, these being some of the very few specimens of sculptures of that saintly man in a standing position. Gyantse was quite charming by comparison: and after that between you and Lhasa there was only one very mild 17,000-ft. pass, and that wide and not a little treacherous Brahmaputra River, in which, unfortunately, a good many brave officers and men were lost on that 1904 advance.

## A Taste Inexact for Faultless Fact

HAVING given the rough itinerary to Tibet, I would like to add that we had on that 1904 show a literary gent, a schoolmaster, who said (afterwards) that he had done the whole trip from Darjeeling to Gyantse on one pony in one day, carrying only his flea-bag. He did not make this assertion to anyone on the expedition at the time, but later some publisher swallowed it hook, line, and sinker.

This artist did make good time none the less, because he did not trouble to take much in the way of personal supplies, but conceived the charming idea of treating the various posts as hotels contrived for his especial benefit. As the O.C. posts were very often hard set for supplies, this education-wallah was not at all popular.

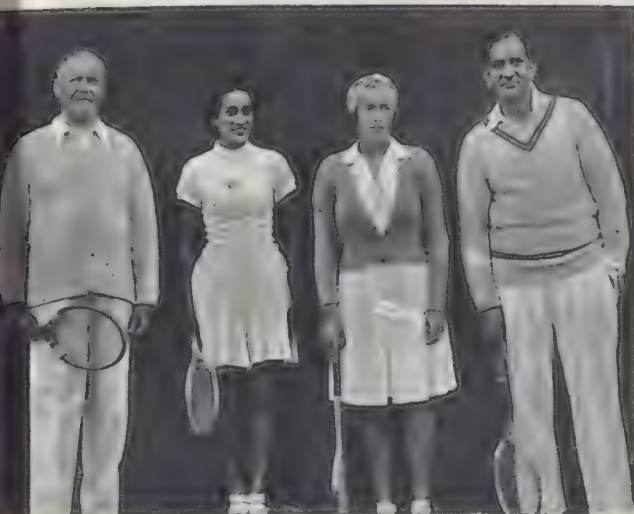
One of the deterrents to travel in those parts is the landslide. It is not a very reassuring sight when a huge chunk of a mountain begins to move and then starts diving down a thousand feet or so into the valley below, rocks, big trees, and so forth kicking up a most unpleasant din. It makes you feel rather uncertain as to which bit of the hill road is going next; so I hope that they have found a safer way to China than the one I have just attempted to outline.



## Officers of a Training Battalion of the R.A.S.C.

Front row: Captains Gray Blackburn, Rev. A. T. Agnew; Majors P. W. Fowler, A. B. Wemyss, A. J. R. Lamb, D.S.O. (Second-in-Command); the Commanding Officer; Majors D. Rees (Adjutant), O. K. Beattie, H. T. Haynes, B. P. G. Hunt; Captain F. J. Hensley. Middle row: Lieut. C. G. Graham-Brown; 2nd Lieuts. F. A. W. Tooby, R. G. Napier; Captains R. F. Hughes, List, F. A. Davies, J. R. Warmisham; Lieut. and Quartermaster F. F. Tongue; Captains S. L. Gilder, P. J. O'Neill (A.D. Corps), W. E. Hart, M.C.; Lieut. H. J. K. Alderson; 2nd Lieut. R. F. Potts. Back row: 2nd Lieuts. M. A. Roberts, A. Scholfield; Lieut. A. P. Holyoake; 2nd Lieuts. H. R. G. Adams, D. E. Graham, E. G. Lush, A. L. Tillotson, R. B. Vick; Captains F. N. Fisher (A.D. Corps), R. Hancock, T. B. Watson (A.D. Corps); Lieut. J. Wilson (A.D. Corps)





### Sporting and Dramatic Events at Gulmarg-Kashmir

An American tennis tournament was held in Gulmarg in aid of Red Cross funds, and an interesting exhibition match was played by Miss Leela Low, the All-India tennis champion, Mr. E. M. Atkinson, Mrs. Cozens, and Mr. D. N. Bhalla, who are seen above

"War-time Revue," a variety show, arranged by Kashmir Dramatic Society, was shown at Gulmarg-Kashmir, in aid of war funds. The hon. secretary was Mrs. Leslie Weir, and some of the players, seen in the picture, were: Margaret Muriel, Valentine Roberts, Mrs. Kay Crowe, Pam Shallow and Mrs. (Barbara Mary) Hunt

### The Gold Cup Favourite

MR. RONNY HOLBECH'S Paladin is the present choice of many people for the Cheltenham Gold Cup, but if Irish Duke is entered I should say that he might be a very nice each-way bet. However, this is merely my opinion.

Paladin won in very good style at Cheltenham on December 27th, and with 11 st. 7 lb. on his back beat Sable Marten 10 st. (a recent good winner over this course, the Southam Handicap 'Chase two miles) and Poet Prince 11 st. 7 lb., winner of last year's Gold Cup. This race which Paladin has just won was only over two miles against the three miles of the Gold Cup, but it gave us the assurance that he is in good heart, and that he has got over the little trouble which compelled him to miss Cheltenham's big event last season. It was a slight leg. Sir Allan Gordon Smith is part owner of Paladin with Mr. Holbech.

### A Very Little Knowledge

A BOOK entitled *This Impertinence* by a Mr. P. Arnott has been sent to me anonymously with a request to say exactly what I think of it. The answer is in two words. The author claims, so I gather, to pass judgment upon everybody and everything connected with India, especially Viceroys.

Speaking as someone who may have had a pretty long experience of Pro-Consuls, my humble submission is that this author knows very little—but would like us to think that he knows quite a lot. He doesn't! He may have known one Viceroy, though even this I doubt; but he tars them all with the same brush.

Here is a passage:

The men [meaning, of course, official and non-official India—"S."] with characteristic British phlegm, hang nervously about the great man, longing for a word; itching for a gesture of recognition or even the faintest smile of

condescension. [As if the snob and the sycophant were exclusive to India!—"S."] After a few months' residence in India, however, most of the disillusioned men and women readily admit that the finest sight in India is the stern view of a retiring Viceroy.

Such a pronouncement can apply only to one Viceroy, whom I know that it is quite unnecessary to designate, and I am sure that this author can never have met him. The silly and much-misused term "Pukka Sahib" has no relation to pedigree—and means only that a man is a good chap.

People who have never been in India are so fond of forming their ideas upon the picture of which the dramatist is so fond. On the stage all Indian grass-widows are Jezebels and all officers above field rank given unduly to strong drink, and they appear never to have been stationed at any place than one called "Poonah"!

I find this book not a little tedious.



D. R. Stuart

### An Old Boys XV is Soundly Beaten by Tonbridge School

Tonbridge Ruggier XV. recently beat an Old Boys team by 33 points to nil. Tonbridge have had a successful season so far, winning four out of their six matches against other schools. Members of the team are: (standing) R. D. Clarke, P. G. Rawcliffe, C. J. Matthews, A. P. de Nobrigh, J. A. O'Brien, S. F. Hills, W. H. Gimson, J. G. Rowlandson; (sitting) T. E. Little, P. S. V. Lloyd, A. L. Woodland (secretary), G. J. Maughan (captain), C. S. Young, W. K. Clarke, J. A. J. Powell



D. R. Stuart

The Old Boys XV. who played Tonbridge at the beginning of the holidays are mostly up at Oxford and Cambridge, and had never played together, which probably accounted for the bad beating they received from their old school. In the picture are: (standing) P. Gibbons, C. B. Harcastle, M. R. Creasy, N. E. West, R. Dew, K. Ward, A. M. Lea, C. R. M. Poynting; (sitting) P. R. Hay, I. Parish, N. M. Baldwin, D. F. M. Brown (captain), R. A. Cobb, L. N. Reynolds, M. G. Burnett



# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## D.P.R.

ACCURACY, said pre-Brains Trust Huxley—and I confess that one reason the saying fascinated me is that I never knew exactly what it meant—accuracy is the foundation of everything else. Because, in all aeronautical writing, talking and filming, accuracy is so elusive I may perhaps be permitted to pay my respects to the outgoing Director of Public Relations at the Air Ministry, Air Commodore Harald Peake, and to the incoming one, Squadron Leader Wedgwood Benn, with a few remarks on this subject.

Aeronautics is the happy hunting ground of the trip-up fiend, the man who spends his life trying to catch other people out. Coarse aeronauts, nearonauts and nereonauts (those who fly, who try to fly and who never fly) are always ready to greet error with the closet guffaw or lavatory laugh. They display a raw and raucous joy when they find that you have made a mistake.

And aviation being a positive dump of bricks to be dropped, they do not often have to wait long. For more than a quarter of a century I have struggled against the common aeronautical error—often unavailingly—and the only time I apply a really stern test to the writings that come before me now for criticism is when they emanate from the Air Ministry of some other Government department as such, and not from an individual author.

## Famous Traps

IT was somewhat disheartening when the Air Ministry created its Directorate of Public Relations to find it busily committing in its documents just the errors we scribblers had been painstakingly trying to eradicate from the newspapers. The Air Ministry fell into most of the little traps.

Some of them are well known. The aircraft companies with names which invite the small

slip-up; they include Vickers-Armstrongs, Handley Page, and Armstrong Whitworth; the aircraft names which get muddled like Supermarine (which used regularly to appear as two words, or with the two parts hyphenated) and Autogiro.

There were the old confusions between gyroplanes, rotaplanes and helicopters; there were the uncertainties about whether a monoplane has one wing or a pair of wings; there were the old troubles about airscrews and propellers.

To the individual author all such errors are forgiven. To the Government department—which ought not to issue official documents unless it takes scrupulous care to ensure detail accuracy—they are not always forgiven.

However, the Air Ministry Directorate of Public Relations was a quick learner. It soon got out of these bad habits, and soon increased its value not only as a source of air propaganda, but also as a source of information for those who write about flying.

## Personal Note

I ATTRIBUTE this improvement to Air Commodore Peake. He took on the job of Director admitting that he was not conversant with the ways of the Press or the wiles of publicity. He took it on at the most difficult time of all, the early part of the war. He seems to have been selected because it was thought that what was wanted was a pleasing personality, a wide knowledge of men and affairs, and flying experience. All these he has, and I must express now my admiration for the way he battled with the sometimes murky intricacies of newspaper work and publicity.

All of those who came in touch with him—though they may often have had their grouses—will join in regretting his departure. To his successor, Squadron Leader Wedgwood Benn, they will extend a welcome. On the face of it, the choice seems a good one. Squadron Leader



## A Baronet in the New Year's Honours List

A baronetcy has been conferred by the King on Commander Sir Charles Worthington Craven, O.B.E., R.N. (retd.), in recognition of public services. Sir Charles is the Controller-General of the Ministry of Aircraft Production and chairman and managing director of Vickers Armstrongs, Limited. He is also a member of the committee of Lloyd's Register of Shipping.

Wedgwood Benn's experience of fighting in the air should be of the utmost value to him in his new task.

## Preliminaries

PERHAPS now that the appointment has been publicly announced and a decent interval has elapsed, it will not be indiscreet of me to say that the problem of finding a successor to Air Commodore Harald Peake was not easy.

I have lost count of exactly how long it is since it was first said that there would be a change, but it must be about a year. Then we had various exciting rumours about who was to be appointed (the Air Ministry meanwhile imagining that its deliberations were all a deadly secret).

All kinds of people in all walks of life were mentioned as having been "approached." There were delightful stories about what they said when the proposal was put to them.

## Advanced Thought

ONE final thing must be said about the Air Ministry's publicity. It is this: that this Service department has from the beginning shown more enterprise than the others in these matters.

Against the Air Ministry the popular complaint that it refused to release information cannot justly be brought. It has always tried to tell the public as fully as possible what the Royal Air Force is doing. Although its minor errors have sometimes irritated me, I have always recognised its open-mindedness on this vexed problem of publicity.

So I pay this special tribute to the Air Ministry policy. Those who complain of the unnecessary secrecy of the Service departments have no right whatever to include the Air Ministry in their statements. This department has always tried to be as open as the exigencies of war permit.

It is for this reason that the post of Director of Public Relations at the Air Ministry has such great importance. The opportunities before the holder of that post are greater than before the holder of any other comparable post.

We shall watch the activities of Squadron Leader Wedgwood Benn with sympathetic interest. Air Commodore Peake has given him a good start, and I expect great things. I suggest that a useful first step would be the preparation of what newspaper men call a "style sheet," with some of the common aeronautical errors there exposed.



D. R. Stuart

## Headquarters Staff of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in England

Front row: Sq.-Ldr. E. H. Free, Wing-Com. E. A. Springall, Sq.-Ldr. P. W. Lynch-Blosse, D.F.C., Wing-Com. F. G. H. Evens, a Group-Capt., an Air Commodore, a Lieut.-Colonel, Wing-Com. C. F. C. Coaker, Sq.-Ldr. L. H. Morse, M.C., Mr. C. W. Lamb, M.C., Sq.-Ldr. F. J. Letzer. Middle row: Flt.-Lieuts. E. S. Emden, D.F.C., J. H. J. Williams, P.O. C. S. Stuart, Sq.-Ldr. A. R. Pruddah, Flt.-Lieut. D. F. H. Bird, F.O. S. J. Snowden, D.F.M., Flt.-Lieuts. L. G. Scarmen, L. E. Giles, F.O. R. Hopper, P.O. G. de C. Taylor, Flt.-Lieut. I. H. Bowhill. Back row: Flt.-Lieuts. H. T. Chilton, H. D. Morley, F.O. C. T. Luker, P.O. D. P. Story, Flt.-Lieuts. F. L. Wills, E. S. Benson





*Obtainable  
also in Small Sizes*

# Haig

*No finer whisky*

*goes into any bottle*



# Getting Married (Continued)



**Don — Wyatt**

Lieut. Denis Thomas Keiller Don, R.A.S.C., only child of Mr. and Mrs. T. George Don, of Barford Cottage, Orchard Way, Esher, married Janet Montague Wyatt, only child of Mr. and Mrs. M. Montague Wyatt, of Penorchard, Claygate, at the Claygate Parish Church



**Heaven — Loring**

Captain R. J. Glyde Heaven, R.A., son of Mrs. E. A. Phelps, and stepson of Mr. A. E. Phelps, of Annandale, Paignton, married Margaret (Peggy) Loring at St. James's Church, Spanish Place. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Loring, of 25, Gwendolen Avenue, S.W.



**Crowther — Jones**

Captain Brian Crowther, R.A., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Crowther, of Thames Ditton, Surrey, and Lorita Jones, were married at St. Nicholas' Church, Thames Ditton. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Jones, of Nevin, North Wales



**Cavanagh — Cantopher**

Paymaster-Lieut. Cyril Cavanagh, R.N.V.R., son of the late Mr. C. Cavanagh and of Mrs. Cavanagh, of 11, Pembroke Gardens, W., and Ursula Mary Cantopher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Cantopher, of Wynchour, Battle, Sussex, were married at the Church of Our Lady, Lissen Grove



**Kavanagh — Hogge**

Captain Barry Kavanagh, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, only son of Major and Mrs. H. R. Kavanagh, married Sheila Hogge, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. A. H. F. Hogge, and of Mrs. Hogge, at Dorking



**Eaton — Ainsworth**

Lieut. Leslie Clifford Eaton, R.N.V.R., of Forest Hill, married Kathleen Ainsworth, at St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ainsworth, formerly of Darwen



**Crowhurst — Brightman**

Frederick Arnold Crowhurst, M.R.C.V.S., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Crowhurst, of Earl's Place, Maidstone, married Muriel Evelyn Brightman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brightman, of the Arbour, Bobbing, Sittingbourne at St. Mary's Church, Newington, Sittingbourne



**Gayford — Goodman**

Gerald Claude Gayford, youngest son of Mr. G. J. Gayford, of Seething House, Brooke, Norfolk, and of the late Mrs. Gayford, married Margaret Joan Goodman, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Goodman, of Slepstile Meadow, Reigate Heath, at St. Mary's Church, Buckland



**Ryley — Alexander**

Sec.-Lieut. John Ryley, R.A.S.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Ryley, of the Spinney, Olton, Warwickshire, married Rosamund Alexander, at Christchurch, Turnham Green, Chiswick. She is the younger daughter of the late Mr. A. H. Alexander and of Mrs. Alexander, of Bank Lodge, Wellesley Road, Chiswick





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**Important Facts**  
*about*  
**Ovaltine**

**①** *Ovaltine itself contains Milk*

Milk of the highest quality and purity, standardised by the famous 'Ovaltine' Jersey Herd, is an important constituent of 'Ovaltine.' Thus, if liquid milk is not available, you can make your 'Ovaltine' with water only, or with dried milk or condensed milk.

**②** *Makes Milk go Further*

When made with milk, 'Ovaltine' not only reinforces the natural food properties of the added milk, but also contributes additional and valuable nutritive elements. Among these are lecithin (organic phosphorus) to build up the nerves, maltose and other carbohydrates for energy, mineral salts and other health-giving elements.

**③** *Makes Milk more Digestible*

'Ovaltine' actually improves the digestibility of milk, so that you derive the utmost benefit from it. The special properties of 'Ovaltine' break down the milk curd, thus making it completely and readily digestible.

**IMPORTANT.**—'Ovaltine' is naturally sweet so that there is no need to add sugar. Remember also that 'Ovaltine' can be eaten dry if desired. It is important to note that in whatever form you take 'Ovaltine' you benefit from the milk which is already in it, as well as from its other well-known nutritive properties.

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 INCOME TAX**



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**NATIONAL  
 SAVINGS  
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 The 'Tax Free' Investment

Issued by The National Savings Committee



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE

The consensus of opinion is that there will be many dances and informal reunions during the ensuing months, when simple although decorative dresses will be needed. It is plaid taffeta which is used by Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, for the dress on the right. It is cut on such simple lines that it can be pressed; frankly, it is almost uncrushable. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it has gone into residence in the small ladies department. Here may likewise be seen grey striped flannel frocks for 5½ guineas. They are reinforced with gaily coloured chiffon handkerchiefs and leather belts. Again, soft tweed dresses, many accompanied by long coats, are pleasantly moderately priced



It is wartime, hence Digby Morton has designed the frock above from "odd" pieces of Viyella. It is a study in rust, tabac, and bright navy, but naturally the colour-scheme may be varied. It will wear and wash remarkably well, as the patches don't run or alter their shape. For wearing with tweed skirts there are nonchalant blouse-cum-jackets, which are smart and practical as many of them button down the front. They can be easily washed. It must not be overlooked that many of the great designers use Viyella for slacks and trouser skirts, while lingerie made of this fabric has met with great success



**"Odd," pieces  
make smart frocks  
"FORTKNEES"  
have come to stay**

There is a novelty known by the name of "Fortknees" for which Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are responsible. They have received a warm welcome from men and women in the Services, and may be worn in or outside the stockings. An illustration of the same appears on left. They are really footless stockings which extend nearly to the thighs. Handloom "knitted" wool has been used for their fashioning, and lastex is present at the base and also at the top of this accessory, thereby ensuring a perfect fit over the calf. A special splicing behind the knee is introduced. At the moment they are obtainable in navy, natural and khaki for the modest sum of 12/9. They are a veritable boon to motorists and others who have to face the severities of the weather



## *Aristoc to the Rescue*

SAVE COUPONS  
BY INVESTING COUPONS  
IN



*The Aristocrats of Lisle and Rayon Stockings*

*Famous for Fine  
Quality*



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FROM  
FAMILY GROCERS

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Orders are now being executed  
at between-season prices in all  
sections of the House, including:—

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GOWNS • COATS • SPORTSWEAR

HATS and LINGERIE

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take quality as well as price into  
account when judging value, and  
in this respect Bradleys welcome  
any comparison.



FUR REMODELLING & REPAIRS

During the between-season period, Bradleys will  
remodel or repair any worn furs in their own  
workrooms at very special prices.

*Bradleys, Chepstow Place, W.2  
BAYswater 1200*



## Social Round about

(Continued from page 83)

### Parties in the West

TROOPS are thick on the ground in the West Country, which is bound to lead to some parties. The bar of a country town hotel was quite like the Berkeley on Saturday night with the young gentlemen in blues and the young ladies in velvets and taffetas (the only drinks to be had were sloe gin or beer, which was sad).

That night Brigadier Allan Adair was entertaining for King Peter of Yugoslavia, who was being shown round the neighbourhood. Lady David Douglas-Hamilton was another local hostess, and there was also a bottle party got up among the boys, of which Mr. Tony Garton was energetic organiser. The band, in battle dress, was the thirteenth he had tried for, and the revellers included Mr. Richard Longman, an actor in peace time, whose performance as Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights* at the Cambridge Festival Theatre may be remembered by some. Mr. Ryan Jarvis, son of the King's trainer, Mr. Robert Steele, Mr. Allan Tizer, Mr. David Fraser, Mr. Henry Illingworth—a pre-war stockbroker, Mr. Michael Redpath and Mr. Ian Westmacott. The girls were mostly whipped up off the land, land girl being the leading local war work.

### And Children's Parties

MRS. NORTON-GRIFFITHS gave a lovely children's party, from which each child went away with a tin of boiled sweets, good going nowadays. Lady Watson gave a birthday party for her small son, Sir Andrew Watson, who was four. His young father, Sir Thomas Watson, died last year while serving with his regiment in the East. There was a magic lantern show at the party, run by Aubrey Cartwright, whose father was killed in this war, and now he spends his holidays with Lady Watson. Lord and Lady Wimborne's little boy was a guest at this party. Yet another entertainer of the young was Mrs. George Bryant, who took a large party of children to *Cinderella* at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

### People in Wiltshire

AMONG the permanent population of this county are Sir Francis Lacey, for thirty years secretary of Lords, Major Fowle, Master of the Wylie Valley Hounds—he manages one quiet day's hunting a week, Mrs. Jack Southey, whose daughter, Mrs. Guy Taylor, is living with her since her husband went to the East, and Colonel and Mrs. Troyte-Bullock—she looks after the welfare of the land girls.

Captain Timothy Tufnell, Mr. Tony Rayner, and Mr. Michael Dawson, son of Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, Editor of *The Times*, are some of the many stationed in the district.

### Pictures and Red Cross

ALL those huge rooms at Burlington House are full of pictures by United Artists, on show in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Gate money, after payment of expenses, goes to the fund, and half the proceeds of any sales is divided between the fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. The King and Queen are Patrons, Sir Edwin Lutyens Chairman, and a long list of painting societies, groups, and clubs are represented. There are lithographs, sculpture, and drawings too, and the whole thing is very like an extra Royal Academy Summer Exhibition.

### Cabaret and People

RONALD FRANKAU, performing at the May Fair again, found what he described as "the entire clan Frankau" there. His nieces, Pamela, and her sister Ursula, had come from the B.B.C., his wife, Renee Roberts, and daughter Joy were there too, and earlier he had had tea with his brother Gilbert. He has started broadcasting to America: on the first occasion it was about "Humour in Wartime," in which he began by telling the Americans that we had more sense of humour than them. The next one is to be "Improperganda."

In and out of the hotel were Lord and Lady Kil-marnock, Lord Selsdon, Enid Stamp-Taylor in a new hat with green cock's feathers, bought to celebrate her new part in *Alibi*, Lord Monson, Lord Ashburton, Air Marshal McEwan, Lady Benson, Lord Tennyson, and Lord and Lady Andrew Cavendish.

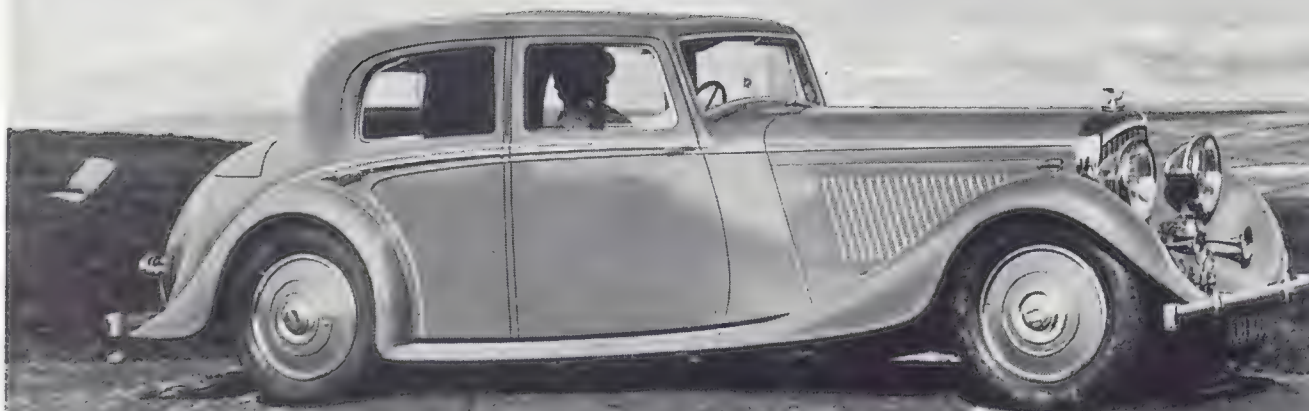


Mrs. Michael Pleydell-Bouverie

Mrs. Michael Pleydell-Bouverie is a member of the executive committee of the National Baby Welfare organisation, and uses films as a medium to help her in her work. During the last fifteen years she has helped to raise £75,000 to the cause, and has travelled nearly 50,000 miles in connexion with her work. Her husband, Captain Michael Pleydell-Bouverie, Lord Radnor's cousin, is in the R.A.S.C.

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the choice of experience . . .*

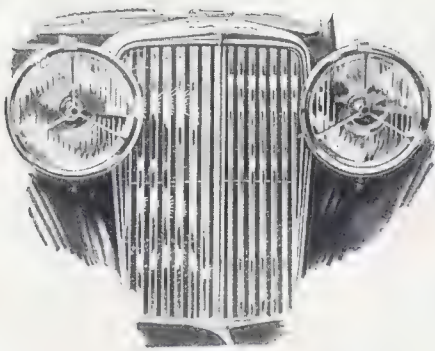


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"I took delivery of my present 2½ litre Jaguar on Christmas Eve, 1936. It has now done 48,000 miles and is still running very well indeed. Will you kindly put my name down for a new 3½ litre for delivery after the war, as I imagine that there will be a waiting list."

January, 1941

From the Rt. Hon. Lord Gifford



S.S. CARS LIMITED, COVENTRY

Today, users of Goodyear tyres  
are getting

*Goodyear  
Higher  
Mileage*

thereby delaying  
their demand  
for replacement,  
saving tyres and  
helping the  
National Effort.





# Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

**T**wo Germans were discussing their war jobs in Paris, and one asked the other what he was doing.

"I a very good job on der Eiffel Tower, I haf," was the reply.

"And what do you do?" asked the first. "Paint it?"

"Oh no. I haf to sit on der top and watch for der British to wave der white flag."

"Is the pay good?" asked the friend.

"No, no," said the other, sadly, but then he brightened up as he added, "but it's a job for life."

**T**HE soldier was charged with being drunk and disorderly.

"Any excuse?" asked the C.O.

"I got into bad company, sir."

"What sort of bad company?"

"I got a present of a bottle of whisky and I met two teetotallers."

**T**HERE was a great shortage of torch batteries at the camp. One dark night an orderly officer was doing the rounds of the camp.

He approached one sentry and flashed his torch on him, but received no challenge.

"Why didn't you challenge me, sentry?" he demanded curtly.

"Well sir, I recognised you," was the reply.

"How on earth could you recognise me on such a dark night?"

"I heard the orderly sergeant tell the orderly corporal there was only one battery in the camp and the orderly officer had pinched it."

**A** LITTLE girl, who was spending Christmas with relations, was rather nervous of their large Alsatian dog.

One morning the dog, who had been galloping on ahead, suddenly turned back to the child and her uncle. The small child at once slipped her hand into that of her relation.

"Surely you're not afraid of our poor old dog?" he asked her, teasingly.

"No, uncle," she replied, shakily, "not exactly, but he might as well see that we're relations."

**A** SHORT-SIGHTED gentleman went to choose a pair of glasses.

"These spectacles," he said, "are not strong enough for me."

"But, sir," said the assistant, "they are No. 2."

"What is the next to No. 2?"

"No. 1."

"And after that?"

"After No. 1, sir, you will need a dog."

**J**ANE, come here," called the lady of the house.

When the girl came into the room, the mistress pointed up to a cobweb on the ceiling.

"Haven't you noticed that, Jane?" she asked, sternly.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied the maid, brightly.

"Something to do with the wireless, isn't it?"

**A**ND how is your mother this morning, dear?" asked the lady caller.

"Oh," replied the little girl, "she's not quite herself today, thank you, what with cook and that man Hitler!"



*"A S-Sergeant of the C-C-Commandos says are we quite sure we haven't any cigarettes."*

**T**HE old-age pensions' officer was questioning an elderly woman with a zeal worthy of a nobler cause.

"And now," he said, "we come to two important questions: Have you ever been in receipt of parish relief?"

"Never," answered the woman, proudly.

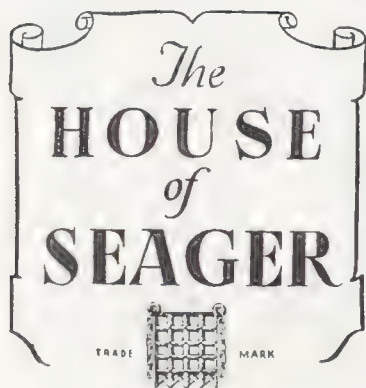
The officer turned to the last question on the list. "Tell me," he said, "have you ever been in the hands of the police?"

Shyly she hung her head.

"Come, come," he said. "Tell me the truth!"

"Well," she whispered at last, "I don't see as it's any business of the Government, but in my young days I was a cook, and you know girls will be girls; but still"—proudly—"he was a sergeant!"

(Concluded on page 108)



In these days of national emergency and limitation of supplies, we would ask the kind indulgence of both the public and the retailer for any disappointment experienced in obtaining our products

**SEAGERS**

GIN - - - - 17/-

EGG FLIP - - 11/6

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THE HOUSE OF SEAGER ESTABLISHED 1850  
DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN SINCE 1850 FOR OVER 155 YEARS



Absolutely unretouched photographs of a man's eyes before and after treatment, published with the client's permission.

## EYES

Whether or not the eye is endowed with an overpowering



expression is firstly determined by the condition of the surrounding skin. Eyes set in loose, wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune, or ill health, and destroy the natural expression of even the brightest eyes. Fortunately this imperfection can be successfully, painlessly and permanently corrected in a few visits by the one sure method known to medical science, the Hytogen Method, invented and practised by Mr. C. H. Willi, the Swiss specialist, who has treated over 10,000 cases in London. Anyone whose skin is becoming loose and wrinkled through prolonged anxiety may consult him. His address is 26 Eton Avenue, Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.3.



*A Guarantee of  
Finest Fur Felt Hats*



*Come where  
the sun shines  
longer!*

**H**ERE is a sun-trap, amidst subtropic loveliness, where rest and bright recreations are accompanied by all modern amenities, H.&C., and gas or electric fires in bedrooms. Good food from our own farm. Lift, central heating.

*Fully Licensed (choice wines)*

Members of H.M. Forces and their families specially welcomed.

**SPECIAL DISCOUNTS TO  
MEMBERS OF H.M. FORCES**

Modest terms for winter or permanent residence.

*Write to A. T. Purkis—*

**PALM COURT HOTEL  
TORQUAY  
DEVON**



“ Talking about beds—I think my Dunlopillo Sleeping Bag absolutely invaluable for the cold damp nights in the desert. It is jolly warm and absolutely damp-proof, which is a good thing with the heavy dews that form out of the blue during the night.

Thanks very much for a jolly good birthday present.

FROM A YOUNG SERVING OFFICER  
IN A LETTER TO  
HIS FATHER.



DUNLOPILLO SLEEPING BAG  
WITH MATTRESS & PILLOW

Also webbing carrying straps. Price complete (not including blankets) 5 GNS  
Mattress Foundation 6 ft. x 2 ft.  
Plus £1.2.6 Purchase Tax.

NEW LARGE SIZE  
Mattress Foundation 6 ft. 6 in. x 2 ft. 6 in. £7  
Plus £1.10.0 Purchase Tax.

**DUNLOPILLO SLEEPING BAG**

Write for leaflet to (Dept. T) DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., CAMBRIDGE STREET, MANCHESTER 1  
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*Women's Services*

**Nicolls** TAILOR THE  
**BEST-FITTING** UNIFORMS

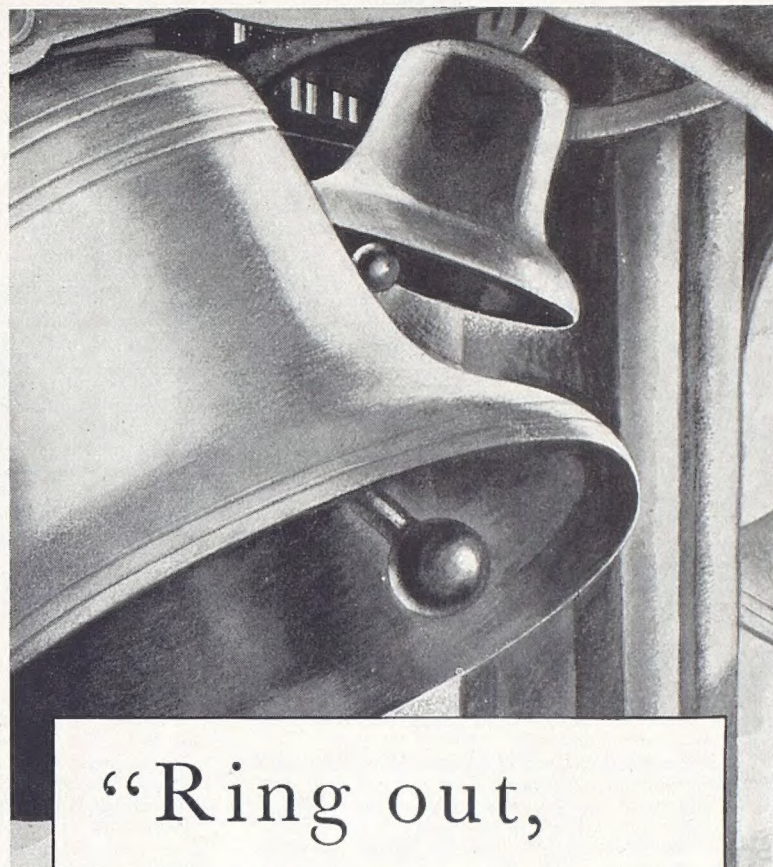
- Tailored by the same men who make our Royal Navy, Army and R.A.F. uniforms.
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- Only the best heavy-weight materials used. Lowest prices for West-End tailoring.
- Complete stock of caps and shirts.
- Uniforms for all Women's Services.



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“Ring out,  
Wild Bells...”

The bells of countless hidden steeples in the shires of our land ring out, not a warning of invasion, but a joyous midnight peal . . . From square Norman towers, from belfries fashioned into unearthly loveliness by the hand of Wren, their gold-tongued voices chime a triumphant clamour. Proclaiming the New Year as they have proclaimed it many a hundred times . . . “Ring out the old, ring in the new . . .” This is the *new world*, these are the days to come! “Ring out the thousand wars of old, ring in the thousand years of peace.”

But first—ring in the *victory* that must be won! When the bells ring out for *peace*, the Standard Motor Company will launch their plans for the New Cars of the *new world* . . .

With acknowledgments to Tennyson's “In Memoriam.”



The Standard Motor Company Ltd., Coventry



## Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 106)

A MALE nurse in a mental hospital noticed a patient with his ear close to the wall, listening intently. The patient held up a finger as a warning for him to be very quiet; then he beckoned him over and said: "Listen."

The nurse put his ear to the wall and turned to the patient:

"I can't hear anything."

"No," said the loony, "and it's been like that all day."

HERE'S a story from Berlin.

A neutral visitor was talking to one of the inhabitants.

"I hear you Berliners have been living on rats," he said.

The German looked wistful.

"Ah! Those were the days!" he breathed.

"H! What's this?" shouted the private, on finding a wasp in his stew.

"Vitamin bee!" replied the mess orderly, smartly.

A SMALL boy, sent away from a danger area, had been severely reproved by his foster-mother because he had refused to eat prunes.

"God will be terribly angry with you," rang in his ears as he went up to bed.

Later came the drone of planes, the roar of guns, and the bursting of bombs.

"Where are you, Johnny?" shouted the housewife, who could not find him in his room.

He was downstairs, forcing the prunes down his reluctant throat.

"God's making a dreadful fuss over half a dozen prunes," he said.

At the time of the raids last year a four-year-old boy upset his parents considerably by refusing to go to the air raid shelter when the alert sounded.

His mother, who didn't want a scene, was stumped. But his not-so-big sister solved the problem.

"Come along like a good boy," she said, "and if you are very quiet you may hear a bomb drop."

IN the middle of the road a man and a woman were quarrelling violently.

"Why, you wretch," screamed the woman. "I'll teach you a lesson you's never forget. I'll knock you silly, that's what I'll do."

And she administered a sound cuff.

"Oh, you will, will you?" roared the man, as he handed a nice right to the jaw. "And what will I be doing while you're knocking me silly? Take that. And that. And that."

A policeman hurried up.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

The woman regarded the intruder angrily.

"You keep out of this," she advised. "This man is my husband. We've been married ten years."

"Well, then," declared the policeman. "Why don't you do your fighting at home instead of in public?"

The husband glared.

"What?" he shouted. "And break all the furniture?"

WHEN the tramp asked the dear old lady for assistance, she shook her head regretfully.

"I'm sorry I can't do anything for you," she said.

"But here's the vicar; go and ask him."

She lingered to see what happened. The tramp and the vicar spoke together, and then money passed between them. And the vicar passed on.

The tramp came towards her. "Well," she said, "how much did he give you?"

"Him give me!" snorted the tramp, in indignant tones. "He took a bob off me for his bloomin' organ fund!"



### Situation on the Home Front Unchanged

Whether it's good news or bad, your paper is needed for salvage as desperately as ever.

Remember the nursery rhyme of childhood.

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost,

For want of a shoe, the horse was lost,

For want of a horse, the rider was lost,

For want of a rider, the battle was lost

And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail.

It is the small contributions from every household that make up the great total so urgently needed. It is YOUR personal responsibility to see that it is not for want of YOUR waste paper that OUR battle is prolonged.

## JACQMAR

regret

that they are unable to hold the customary Sale of tweeds and silks owing to shortage of staff.

They are, however, allowing  
**10% DISCOUNT**

off all purchases of FABRICS and SCARVES during the month of JANUARY.

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Traditional quality  
**OLD SCOTCH WHISKY**  
in original OLD FASHIONED  
FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although  
restricted in distribution by scarcity  
of old stocks.

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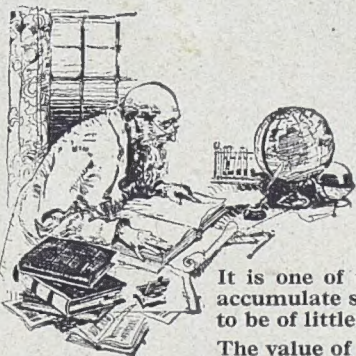
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